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COUNTRY LIFE

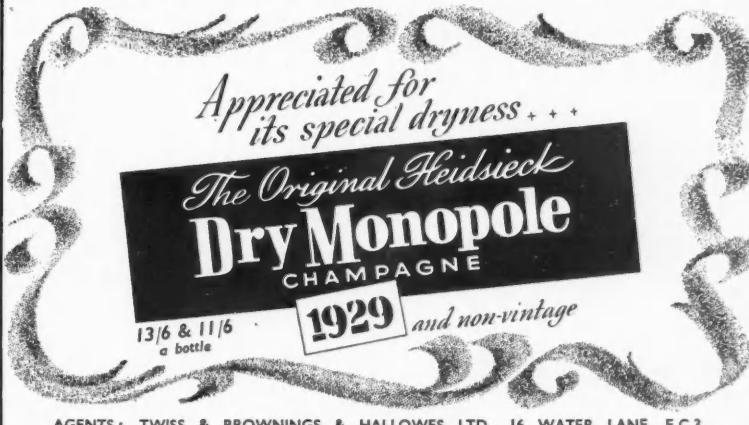
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SATURDAY, APRIL 13th, 1940.

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Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 6d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "COUNTRY LIFE" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 4363.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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(FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.'s advertisements continued on page vii.)

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3,000 ACRES

HANDSOME GEORGIAN RESIDENCE of
moderate size, standing in a Park with large lake.Numerous farms, holdings and cottages, producing
an excellent Rent Roll.First-rate Shooting with ample Woodland, and some
capital Partridge ground.

Agents, OSBORN & MERCER, as above.

Old-World Residence in Wilts

Close to the Downs, near Salisbury.

It dates back about 250 years.

3 reception, 6-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Up-to-date.

STABLING. CHARMING GARDENS.

Trout Fishing in Avon

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 2140.)

Lovely Wooded Country, 1½ hours South of Town. Near the Sea.

A COUNTRY HOUSE OF

ARCHITECTURAL

DISTINCTION

dating back several hundred years, now thoroughly modernised and up-to-date. It has panelled reception rooms, 14-15 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms; 2 farms let on lease. For SALE at moderate price with

30 or 500 ACRES

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER.
(c. 839.)29, Fleet Street, FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO. 26, Dover Street,
E.C.4 LONDON

Regent 5681 (2 lines).

Auctioneers. Chartered Surveyors. Land Agents

PITSFORD HALL, Northampton

In the centre of the Pytchley Country.



A RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

TO BE SOLD

with

ABOUT 718 ACRES

or with about 70 ACRES excluding the 3 EXCELLENT FARMS, which would be sold separately.

The BUILDINGS on the Estate have been well maintained and the Land is in good heart, having been farmed by the Owner, who has not stinted.

Also

GREAT CREATON FARM

in the same ownership and for Sale with

ABOUT 167 ACRES

POSSESSION of the Farms may be had at Michaelmas, subject to valuation for Tenant Right. The Live and Dead Stock may be purchased at a Valuation.

Further particulars obtainable from the Sole Agents:—

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(ESTABLISHED 1778)
25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.I.

Telephone No.
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines)

BURY ST. EDMUNDS (12 miles from)
On the Norfolk-Suffolk border.



TROUT FISHING IN RIVER INTERSECTING.
FOR SALE.—At a sacrifice figure, a perfectly appointed RESIDENCE upon which thousands have been expended. 11 bed and dressing, 4 bath and 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, etc. All Co.'s services and central heating. Large GARAGE and 2 good COTTAGES. Beautifully timbered and matured Grounds. Beautifully timbered and matured Grounds.

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (A. 5282.)

FEW MILES SOUTH OF BRISTOL
High position with splendid views.

FOR SALE
OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

In faultless order and ready for immediate occupation. It contains:

11 BEDROOMS (h. and e. basins).
4 BATHS. 4 RECEPTION ROOMS.
BILLIARD ROOM.

Central heating and all main services.
GARAGE. STABLES. 2 COTTAGES.

DELIGHTFUL INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS PASTURELAND.

ABOUT 24 ACRES

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600 FEET UP ON CHILTERN
Unspoiled position, under 1 hour City or West End.



BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE.—Original part Queen Anne with later additions. Excellent order. Light and spacious. 15 bed, 5 bath, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. Main services. Central heating. Stabling. Garage. Cottages. Lovely shady Grounds. Hard tennis court, tall yews, meadowland. 55 ACRES. To be Let for periods up to 1-2 years. Might be Sold. Inspected and very strongly recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (c. 6567.)

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*Secluded and beautiful situation.
Near the coast. Levees 9 miles.*

THIS LOVELY XVth CENTURY MANOR

Perfectly modernised and in faultless order.
11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, modern offices.
Central heating throughout.
Main electric light.
GARAGE. STABLING. Cottage.

EXQUISITE OLD ENGLISH GARDENS

with ornamental water garden, shaded lawns and meadowland; in all about 7 ACRES.
Bounded by the River Cuckmere.

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE.




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TURNER LORD & RANSOM

Telephone:
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OXON
Banbury, few miles.



TUDOR FARMHOUSE.—Stone-built, with original features, 2 reception, cloakroom, 6 bedrooms, bathroom kitchen, etc. Main electricity; modern sanitation. Terraced garden: stone steps, walls, etc.; and XVIth Century Dairy. Barn, stable and garage. 1 ACRE. £2,100. Might be Let.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.I.

JUST IN THE MARKET.
ON THE CHILTERN

CHESHAM between **BERKHAMSTED**
A LOVELY XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE

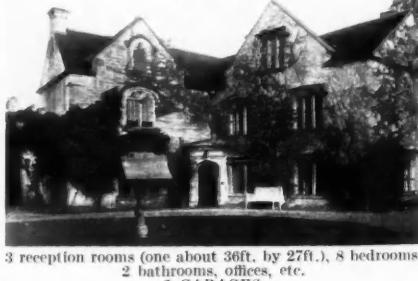
High up. Excellent views. Away from noise.
UNOBTRUSIVELY MODERNISED.
Central heating.
Main electricity and water and modern drainage.

10 bedrooms with basins (h. and e.), 4 bathrooms, hall, 3 fine reception rooms, servants' hall, excellent offices.
HARD COURT.
Large SWIMMING POOL, dressing rooms, barn, etc.
GARDENS
flower, fruit, vegetable, lawns, courtyard, pasture, wood.

24 ACRES
2 COTTAGES. (16,367)

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GLOS.
Circa 1660.



3 reception rooms (one about 36ft. by 27ft.), 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, offices, etc.
2 GARAGES.
Water and electricity.
GARDEN, waterfall, stream, pond.
FREEHOLD £2,750.

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BETWEEN LINGFIELD AND EAST GRINSTEAD



400FT. UP, FACING SOUTH.
QUIET PRIVATE ROAD.
ALL MAIN SERVICES.
GAS, WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER
TELEPHONE.
3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
8 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.
2 lavatories, kitchen and scullery, maids' sitting room, larder and pantry.
GARAGE FOR 2.
Tennis lawn. Pretty garden.
SMALL WOOD EACH SIDE.
ABOUT 3½ ACRES
FREEHOLD £3,800

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LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED

WANTED

COUNTRY COTTAGE OR SMALL HOUSE IN SUSSEX in or near village. To Let Unfurnished or to be Sold. With 1 or more acres of land. Water and electricity or the possibility of having them laid on. 3 bedrooms at least. Am prepared to develop possibilities of old house needing repair, etc., but do not favour one renovated for a favourable market.—"A.584." c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden W.C.2.

TO COUNTRY ESTATE AGENTS.—Gentlemen will pay fee of £50 to Agents who find him the PROPERTY HE REQUIRES. Somerset preferred, but other southern counties from Somerset to Kent (excluding Surrey) would be suitable.—For particulars, apply to "A.586." c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden W.C.2.

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ESTABLISHED 1875.

NEAR FRENSHAM PONDS, LONDON JUST OVER 40 MILES

*Beautiful Grounds of very great charm. Fine woodland merging into heathland and several paddocks.***FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH FROM ABOUT 25 TO 72 ACRES**
GOLF AT HINDHEAD.

RIDING OVER MILES OF COMMONLAND

Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, CURTIS & HENSON. (16,432.)

OXFORDSHIRE (near Reading, Wallingford and Goring-on-Thames)—WELL-FURNISHED HOUSE, recently redecorated.
4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Electric cooker and fires. Central heating.
Garden of 4½ Acres. Vegetable produce for tenant.
To Let. Furnished for 3 or 6 months from May 1st.
9 guineas per week landlord paying gardener's wages.
(15,225A.)

25 MILES FROM HEREFORD.—STONE-BUILT MANSION; 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms.
Electric light. Stabling and Garages (with flat).
Lodge and 6 Cottages.
Home Farm with bailiff's house. Salmon-fishing.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD. (16,038.)

JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE (23 miles South of London, in a quiet and secluded position).—3 reception rooms, study, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating; main electric light, gas and water. Garage and Stabling. 2 Oast houses. Attractive Gardens, enclosed by a moat, with fine old yews, tennis lawn, miniature golf course, ornamental ponds and paddock.
In all about 14 ACRES.
To be Let on Lease.
HUNTING. GOLF. (15,100A.)

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BROMPTON RD.,
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SPECIALISTS IN CHARACTER HOUSES.Kens. 8877
(3 lines).

TWO EXCEPTIONALLY WELL EQUIPPED SURREY HOUSES—EASY DAILY TOWN

2 MINUTES' WALK MAIN LINE STATION.

4-5 bedrooms,
3 bathrooms,
2-3 reception
rooms.

AN EXQUISITE SMALL HOUSE
facing south with extensive views to Hog's Back and Newland's Corner.
Austrian oak floors; large garage and greenhouse.
PRICE FREEHOLD £2,200

CLOSE TO SHOPS AND MAIN LINE STATION.

3-4 bedrooms,
Bathroom,
2-3 reception
rooms.

A PICTURESQUE HOUSE
equipped with labour-saving devices, in a delightful wooded setting, well back from
a quiet road and not overlooked.
PRICE FREEHOLD £2,650

67 ACRES. £3,250.
KENT Good Sporting part. 8 miles from Coast.
250 ft. up, adjoining Village Green.
FINE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE
dating from 1490, modernised and with Main Water,
Electric Light, Central Heating, "Agia" cooker. Lounge
hall, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 9 bedrooms.
GARAGE for 2. 3 COTTAGES.
Old World Grounds, orcharding and grassland.
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Re MRS. F. P. M. BURKE deceased.

“WILMER HOUSE,”
FARNHAM, SURREY

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM



EARLY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

SPACIOUS HALL, 3 RECEPTION, 8 BEDROOMS,
2 BATHROOMS.

GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.

OLD WALLED GARDEN A DELIGHTFUL
FEATURE

FOR SALE

REASONABLE PRICE FOR FREEHOLD

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BUTTON, MENHENITT & MUTTON, LTD.,

WADEBRIDGE, NORTH CORNWALL.

have a number of FURNISHED COUNTRY RESIDENCES,
SEASIDE HOUSES and BUNGALOWS and COUNTRY
COTTAGES available for the summer months or longer
periods, particularly in Polzeath, Daymer Bay, Padstow and
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COUNTRY HOUSE IN TOWN.—Built 15 years.
Sussex Farm House style; 2 floors only. Close
Wimbledon Common, 5 bedrooms (wash basins in 3, b. and c.),
3 reception, maids' sitting room, kitchen, scullery, bathroom,
cloakroom, 3 w.c.'s, etc. Large Garage; tennis lawn and
lovely garden with pond. Good travelling facilities.
Freehold.—Apply, W. ANDREWS & SONS, 75, Camberwell
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SALMON FISHING

BEATS AVAILABLE AT THE WORLD
FAMOUS SALMOX WATERS AT CASTLE-
CONNELL, COUNTY LIMERICK, EIRE,
FOR APRIL, MAY AND JUNE.**CHARGES 10 GUINEAS PER WEEK**
WITH THE SERVICES OF 2 GILLIES
AND BOAT.
Hotels convenient.

For full particulars apply—

SHANNON FISHERIES,
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14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

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HISTORIC TUDOR MANOR HOUSE IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS

In a Beautiful and Sporting part of Gloucestershire within easy reach of Main Line Station. London in under 2 hours.

SUPERBLY APPOINTED
AND IN PERFECT
ORDER.

FINE OAK PANELLING
AND FIREPLACES.

Hall.

5 reception rooms,
8 principal bedrooms,
5 servants' rooms,
5 bathrooms.

Central heating
throughout.

Main electricity.



Telephone:
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FIRST-CLASS GARAGES
AND STABLING.
HOME FARM.
DOWER HOUSE
AND
5 COTTAGES.

GLORIOUS OLD
GARDENS
New Hard Tennis Court.
TROUT STREAM.
BATHING POOL.

A REMARKABLY CHOICE ESTATE OF ABOUT 126 ACRES

WITHIN RECENT YEARS AN ENORMOUS EXPENDITURE HAS BEEN MADE ON IMPROVEMENTS. IT IS NOW UNQUESTIONABLY ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT PROPERTIES IN THE MARKET AT THE PRESENT TIME.

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

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8 MILES FROM ABERGAVENNY. Easy reach of Main Line Station with express trains to London in 2½ hours. 700ft. above sea level with magnificent views.

ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT HOUSE

Nearly every room facing due South.

In perfect order, with all modern conveniences. Main electric light and power. Central heating. "Ag" cooker. Oak floors and staircase. Choice fireplaces.

Lounge hall, 3 charming reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

GARAGE and CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT.
STABLING, COTTAGE, FARMERY.

DELIGHTFUL
INEXPENSIVE GARDENS.

Very Low Rates.

£5,750 WITH 25 ACRES

Rough Shooting over several thousand acres and Salmon Fishing available.

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(6 lines)

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2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE
Near BERKSHIRE DOWNS

Recently the subject of a large expenditure.



ON GRAVEL SOIL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A
VILLAGE, and containing
3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms,
4 bathrooms. All modern conveniences.

Stabling, Garage.
DELIGHTFUL GARDENS and MEADOWLAND :
in all

8½ ACRES.

TO LET FURNISHED OR MIGHT BE SOLD
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

SUSSEX

Within daily reach of Town.



**AN ATTRACTIVE HALF-TIMBERED
COTTAGE**

IN UNSPOILT SURROUNDINGS.

Lounge, dining room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.
Central heating. Main water. Modern sanitation.
Electric light.

Garage and Outbuildings.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PASTURE.

6½ ACRES. PRICE £3,200

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WILTSHIRE

Near the Dorsetshire Border.



MAGNIFICENT POSITION WITH FINE VIEWS.

Hall, suite of 4 reception rooms, 9 principal and

4 secondary bedrooms, 5 bathrooms.

Main electricity. Central heating.

Good stabling, 2 cottages. Garage.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

50 ACRES FOR SALE

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, London, W.1.

KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE

TO BE LET (or for Sale).—The Residential Property known as "THE BRAE," Crocketford, near Dumfries; (safe area). The House contains 4 public rooms, 6 bedrooms, etc. Electric light; central heating. Attractive grounds; 2 garages and 2 cottages.

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(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

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EXQUISITE HOME AND MONEY-MAKING CONCERN.

Within 2 hours London. Lovely unspoilt country.

**PROBABLY THE BEST EQUIPPED
DISEASE-FREE DAIRY AND PEDIGREE STOCK
FARM IN ENGLAND.** Wonderful modern buildings to tie 175, and pen and house accommodation for several hundred additional animals; residence of character with all modern conveniences; 16 Cottages; nearly 1,000 acres of the richest land; ideal for producing high quality pedigree stock; disease-free herd optional; first-rate fishing and shooting. For Sale at fraction of cost of improvements. Detailed description and photos. of the Sole Agents WOODCOCKS, 30, St. George Street, W.1.

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AMESBURY ABBEY, WILTSHIRE

On the outskirts of the old-world Village of Amesbury, 1 mile from station. Salisbury 8 miles, Andover 40, London 80.

FINE PALLADIAN MANSION IN PARK

approached by carriage drive with Lodge, and entered under a porte cochère, and contains :—

HALLS.

BILLIARD AND SUITE OF
RECEPTION ROOMS.

MUSIC SALOON (74ft. by 21ft. 9 in.)

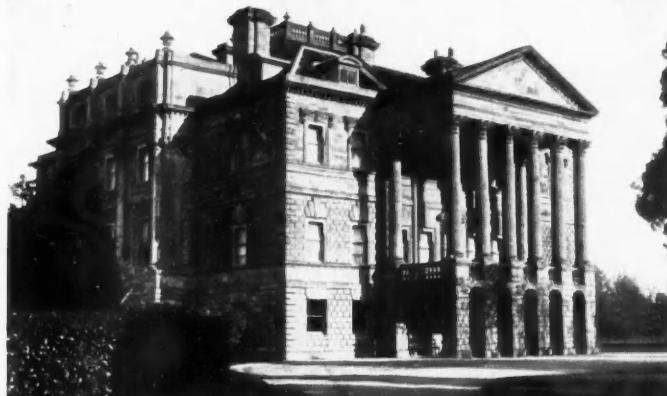
AMPLE OFFICES.

34 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.

MEN'S ROOMS.

Outbuildings, etc.

*Main water supply. Central heating.
Petrol gas lighting (electric main available).*



THE GROUNDS AND PARK

are beautifully timbered and intersected for about a mile by the River Avon with excellent trout fishing from both banks, backed by the wooded slope of Vespasian's Camp. Windy walks with river spanned by "Bannister Bridge."

KENT HOUSE

a beautiful stone and flint residence.

4 COTTAGES, GARAGES, etc.
Excellent Shooting.

The Abbey and about 38 Acres of Pasture are in hand, and the agricultural portion of about 129 Acres is Let.

The WHOLE PROPERTY extends to

ABOUT 272 ACRES

and is

FOR SALE

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THE KINNERSLEY CASTLE ESTATE

NR. HEREFORD (12 MILES).
LEOMINSTER AND HAY 11 MILES. ADJOINING KINNERSLEY STATION.

Comprising

THE CHARMING AND VERY LIVEABLE GENUINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE

HALLS, 4 RECEPTION, 10 PRINCIPAL AND 6 SERVANTS' BEDROOMS.

Completely modernised, with Electric Light and Central Heating.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, AND PARK—ABOUT 99 ACRES.

5 MIXED AND SPORTING FARMS. 6 SMALLHOLDINGS. 8 COTTAGES. 85 ACRES OF WELL-TIMBERED SPORTING WOODLANDS, containing some fine oak, ash and larch.

1,214 ACRES. TOTAL RENT ROLL £2,200

The CASTLE will be sold with any reasonable area to suit purchasers at a very reasonable price, or part of the Estate will be sold separately, affording an

EXCELLENT INVESTMENT SHOWING 4% NET

Sole Agents : JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

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OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO INVESTORS

PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF THE IMPORTANT

SALE BY AUCTION IN LOTS AT AN EARLY DATE (unless Sold Privately meantime) OF PARTS OF THE HOUSE OF ELRIG ESTATE

Comprising **SEVEN VALUABLE DAIRY AND GRAZING FARMS** extending from 200 ACRES to about 600 ACRES.

All with suitable steadings and dwelling houses, valuable parks adjoining Elrig Village. Crofts and Cottages.

IN ALL SOME 1940 ACRES WITH AN ACTUAL RENTAL OF ABOUT £1,330 PER ANNUM

AUCTION PARTICULARS AT PRESENT IN COURSE OF PREPARATION.

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with Express Service to London and the North.

EXTON PARK

A BEAUTIFUL FURNISHED RESIDENCE

8 OR MORE PRINCIPAL BED. 9 BATH. 5 RECEPTION ROOMS.

Main electric light. Central heating.

GARAGES.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

FOR A TERM AT A REASONABLE RENT

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WITHIN 9 MILES OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE AT BURNHAM
and convenient for Taunton and Bridgwater.

EARLY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

with South aspect.

10 BED. 3 BATH. 4 RECEPTION.

Central heating. Main electric light.

HARD TENNIS COURT. 4 COTTAGES

AND

114 ACRES RICH PASTURE

TO BE SOLD EITHER WITH OR WITHOUT THE LAND

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In an excellent Residential neighbourhood, with private entrance to a popular 18-hole Golf Course, and enjoying fine panoramic views over the links; only 7 miles from Bournemouth and 3 miles from Poole Harbour.

TO BE SOLD

THIS CHOICE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, WITH COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE, IN PERFECT CONDITION, AND FITTED WITH ALL UP-TO-DATE CONVENIENCES.



are of unusual charm and character and are a special feature of the property. They are tastefully designed with Alpine rockery, lily garden (designed and laid out by R. Wallace and Co., Tumblebridge Wells), herbaceous borders, beautiful shady walks, shrubberies and a rhododendron avenue, rose garden; natural miniature lake and boathouse, artistic summer house; full-sized croquet lawn, bordered by clipped yew hedges; walled kitchen garden, etc.; the whole extending to an area of just over

13 ACRES

For full particulars and price, apply FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who can thoroughly recommend the Property to prospective purchasers.

OCCUPYING A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE SOUTH HAMPSHIRE COAST

WITH DIRECT ACCESS TO THE BEACH.



THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO AN AREA OF ABOUT 1½ ACRES AND HAVING EXTENSIVE FRONTAGE TO THE BEACH.

PRICE £5,750 FREEHOLD

Particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

DORSET COAST

Occupying a magnificent position on the edge of the cliff, with very fine views overlooking Swanage Bay.

A VERY LARGE SUM OF MONEY HAS BEEN SPENT ON THE PROPERTY BY THE PRESENT OWNER AND HE HAS ONLY JUST DECIDED TO SELL.



An exceptionally well-constructed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE containing 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, kitchen and complete offices.

Electric lighting and all modern conveniences.

Excellent GARAGE for 2 cars.

The GARDENS and GROUNDS are surrounded by stone walls and are beautifully laid out with flagged paths, winding stone steps, stone-built look-out rooms, miniature waterfall and with seats placed in recesses overlooking the sea in all directions.



For Particulars and Price, apply to FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who have inspected and can thoroughly recommend the property to prospective purchasers.

DEVONSHIRE

On the borders of Dorset, about 3 miles from Axminster, 8 miles from the sea at Lyme Regis, and within easy reach of Exeter.

THE COMPACT FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE,

OXENWAYS,
MEMBURY, Nr. AXMINSTER

comprising:

A VERY ATTRACTIVE MEDIUM-SIZED RESIDENCE containing:

8 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS,
3 RECEPTION ROOMS,
GOOD OFFICES.

WELL-MAINTAINED GROUNDS OF ABOUT 8 ACRES

3 EXCELLENT DAIRY FARMS.
Several enclosures of fertile pasture lands.
Small holding. 2 Cottages.

WOODLANDS CONTAINING A LARGE QUANTITY OF VALUABLE TIMBER.

The whole extending to an area of about

687 ACRES

and producing a rent roll of about £473 per annum, exclusive of Mansion and properties in hand.

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE AND WOODLANDS ON COMPLETION.

To be offered for Sale by Auction in 14 Lots at Ye Olde Bell Hotel, Axminster, on THURSDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1940, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold privately).



Illustrated particulars, plan, and conditions of sale may be obtained of the Solicitors: Messrs. ANSTY & THOMPSON, Southernhay, Exeter; and the Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-50, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, and at Southampton and Brighton.

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HARRODS

OFFICES

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West Byfleet
and Haslemere.
Riviera Offices.

CONVENIENT FOR EXETER

Excellent position. Full South aspect. Extensive views.



c.2

RECENTLY MODERNISED RESIDENCE

LOUNGE WITH SUN VERANDA. 3 RECEPTION. 7 BED AND 1 DRESSING ROOM. 3 BATHROOMS.

Central heating. Basins in best bedrooms. Own electricity (main available). GARAGE for several cars. STABLING and Outbuildings. COTTAGE.

ABOUT 3½ ACRES

GARDENS, GRASS ORCHARD AND PADDOCK.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Ext. 809.)

BIGGEST BARGAIN IN THE MARKET
64 ACRES £3,000
IN THE BEAUTIFUL WINCHESTER DISTRICT

c.4



CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RECTORY

HALL. 3 RECEPTION ROOMS. 7 BEDROOMS AND LARGE ATTICS. BATHROOM, ETC.

Co.'s water. GARAGE. STABLING. 2 GOOD COTTAGES.

WELL-ESTABLISHED GROUNDS AND VALUABLE MEADOWLAND

IN ALL 64 ACRES

Immediate inspection advised by the Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Ext. 806.)

600FT. UP. CONVENIENT TO
KINGSWOOD and WALTON HEATH GOLF

c.3

In one of the most healthy neighbourhoods on the South side of Town, convenient to Station with excellent electric service.

EXCELLENT MODERN RESIDENCE

Designed in Georgian Style.

HALL. DOUBLE DRAWING ROOM. DINING ROOM. 8 BEDROOMS. DRESSING ROOMS. 2 BATHROOMS. Main Services. GARAGE.

ATTRACTIVE PLEASURE GARDENS with tennis and other lawns, orchard. Meadowland.

IN ALL ABOUT 4 ACRES
TO BE LET OR SOLD

Inspected and recommended by the Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Ext. 807.)

FAVOURITE WINCHESTER DISTRICT

c.5
CHOICE PART OF SEVENOAKS

Within easy reach of Knole Park and other first-class Golf Courses.

SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED RESIDENCE

OF MOST ATTRACTIVE ELEVATION.

Recently modernised and redecorated regardless of expense. 3 RECEPTION, 6 BEDROOMS (basin, h. and c.), 2 BATHROOMS, MAIDS' SITTING ROOM, OFFICES, ETC.

Main drainage. Co.'s gas, water and electric light. Central Heating.

SECLUDED GARDEN

with lawns, flower beds, ornamental trees and shrubs.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

OR TO LET UNFURNISHED

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Ext. 807.)

ADJOINING

ST. GEORGE'S HILL GOLF COURSE

c.2

With private Gateway thereto. Cobham 1½ miles, Weybridge 2½ miles, London 18 miles.

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED MODERN HOME

LOUNGE HALL. 5 RECEPTION. 7 BEDROOMS. DRESSING ROOM. 3 BATHROOMS.

All main services. Central Heating. Constant hot water.

HEATED GARAGE for 3.

Lovely Gardens, swimming pool, lawns, woodlands.

ABOUT 13 ACRES

TO BE LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

Further information from the Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1, who have inspected the property. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Ext. 816.)

Inspected and strongly recommended by: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Ext. 809.)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.I.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

HAMPSHIRE. BETWEEN NEW FOREST AND THE COAST OVERLOOKING A GOLF COURSE.



THE FREEHOLD IS FOR SALE AT MUCH LESS THAN ACTUAL COST

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

NORTH SOMERSET. £1,700

Lovely Country between the QUANTOCK and BRENDON HILLS, near village and station.
Minehead 11 miles. Taunton 13 miles.

PICTURESQUE GEORGIAN HOUSE

2 RECEPTION (each 25ft. by 14ft.).
7 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, Etc.

Main electricity.
Constant hot water and partial central heating.

GARAGE. STABLING
and useful outbuildings.

ATTRACTIVE
OLD WORLD GARDENS.

Fine trees and paddock.

4½ ACRES

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO.,
Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I. (Tel.: Regent 2481.)

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE

Wonderful panoramic views to Brightling Beacon, 500ft. above sea level on sandy loam soil.

HUNTING WITH ERIDGE.

FISHING IN THE ROTHER.

Long drive approach with entrance gates.
MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSE

first-class order.

3 LARGE RECEPTION ROOMS,
CLOAKROOM. OFFICES. 4 BEDROOMS.
And 2 BATHROOMS, Etc.

Electric light. Main water.
Central Heating. Hot water.

MODERN COTTAGE
of 3 rooms and bathroom.
GARAGE and Chauffeur's quarters.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS.
Thousands of bulbs, rose and herbaceous borders.
EX TOUT CAS tennis court, 2 orchards, and outlying
paddocks.

10½ ACRES FREEHOLD
£2,800 WITHOUT COTTAGE

One of the cheapest places now available in Sussex

Agents: Messrs. F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481-2.

ELSTREE, HERTFORDSHIRE. 12 MILES OUT

Attractively situated, nearly 500ft. above Sea Level.



THREE ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

A LITTLE GEORGIAN HOUSE ON THE HILLS AT BATH

Facing due South with magnificent views over surrounding country. Extremely invigorating air, fully sheltered from the North.

MODERNISED TO AN ADVANCED DEGREE.

Panelled walls and cupboards, modern fireplaces, parquet floors, green shuttered windows.

Radiators for Central Heating.
Electrical and first-class sanitary equipment throughout.

3 LARGE RECEPTION ROOMS.
6 BEDROOMS (4 with fitted basins).
2 EXCELLENT BATHROOMS, Etc.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE
with 5 rooms and bathroom.
GARAGE, Etc.

LOVELY WOODED GARDENS
with stone terraces, swimming pool, rockery, pastureland,
easy to maintain; in all about

3 ACRES FREEHOLD £3,750

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO.,
Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I. (Tel.: Regent 2481.)

ENCHANTING SETTING.

NEAR KENT COAST

Absolutely rural and unspoiled yet quite close to a Town and 7 MILES FROM FOLKESTONE.

250ft. up. Lovely views over woods and park of large private estate. Near golf and sea bathing. Built for present owner in 1928. "Modern Georgian" style.

HALL AND CLOAK ROOM.

3 RECEPTION. 5 BEDROOMS.

2 BATHROOMS.

Central Heating throughout.

Main electricity, gas and water.

GARAGE.

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN

well planted with trees and choice variety of flowering shrubs and evergreens. Orchard, nut walk and paddock sloping to small stream. About an Acre and a third.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD. MODERATE PRICE

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

21 MILES SOUTH. £1,650

REPRESENTING EXTREMELY GOOD VALUE

On the crest of a hill and the edge of a charming little Market Town within easy reach of Oxted and Sevenoaks.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT HOUSE

(10 years old) of COTTAGE-CHARACTER.

A real sun trap, well sheltered and commanding extensive views.

HALL AND CLOAK ROOM.

2 RECEPTION. 4 BEDROOMS.

BATHROOM.

All main services.

GARAGE.

VERY ATTRACTIVE MATURED GARDEN

with large quantity of rose trees, rockeries, trees and shrubs, small orchard and tennis court.

FULLY HALF AN ACRE

Buses pass the gate. Station 15 minutes' walk. Golf within easy reach.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO.,
Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I. (Tel.: Regent 2481.)



OXFORDSHIRE

Between Banbury and Chipping Norton.

CHARMING OLD STONE-BUILT HOUSE

In very pretty Village, 300 yards from main road
bus service.

LOUNGE HALL (23ft. by 17ft.).

2 RECEPTION. 5 BEDROOMS.

BATHROOM.

Stone flagged floors, open fireplaces, beamed but well-pitched ceilings.

Main electric light and power.

Ample water supply.

Fine old Stone Barn.

Garden completely walled in; orchard and 2 paddocks.
A home of simple and most appealing character.

10 ACRES ONLY £2,500

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO.,
Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.I. (Tel.: Regent 2481.)



F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES
SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

HERTFORDSHIRE. 3 MILES FROM THE CITY OF ST. ALBANS

DELIGHTFUL RURAL POSITION. ON HIGH GROUND. ON GRAVEL SOIL WITH FINE SOUTHERLY VIEWS.

30 minutes by rail from St. Pancras.

ADJOINING A LARGE FARM OF
ABOUT
1,000 ACRES IN EXTENT.A DIGNIFIED RESIDENCE
of attractive architectural styleApproached by a 300 yards drive with
superior Lodge at entrance.The accommodation comprises:
11 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS,
4 RECEPTION ROOMS,
MAIDS' SITTING ROOM."Aga" cooker.
Central heating. Main electric light.

ENTRANCE LODGE

GARDENER'S COTTAGE. GARAGE
AND STABLING ACCOMMODATION.
FARM BUILDINGS.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS

are well timbered and in good order.

2 TENNIS COURTS.

WELL-STOCKED KITCHEN GARDEN.
MEADOWLAND.

Extending in all to about

12 ACRES

HUNTING. TWO GOLF COURSES WITHIN EASY REACH. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Illustrated particulars from the Agents, F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

SURREY.

BETWEEN EPSOM AND LEATHERHEAD

18 MILES LONDON.

ENVIRABLE POSITION ON HIGH GROUND WITH PLEASANT VIEWS.

On an old-established and exclusive estate. First-class
Golf and excellent riding in the district.MODERN HOUSE OF CHARMING
CHARACTER

and very sound construction.

Hall and cloak room, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, dressing
room, 3 bathrooms, ample offices with staff sitting room.

Central heating throughout. Main drainage.

Co.'s electricity, gas and water.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

Hard tennis court. Matured, well-stocked and
profusely timbered Gardens.THIS DISTINCTIVE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY
has an area of nearly 3 ACRES. The Owner, with a
serious intention to sell

WILL ACCEPT MUCH REDUCED PRICE

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

W. SUSSEX. BETWEEN GOODWOOD
AND THE COASTQuiet and peaceful situation. Secluded, but not isolated. Under 2 miles
from cathedral city. Easy reach of coast and yachting harbours.Early Georgian
FARMHOUSEof simple origin and
charming character.Enlarged and
modernised.
Quaint, low ceilinged
sitting hall, drawing
room, dining room
(both lofty); 5 bed-
rooms, bathroom.Main electricity, gas
and water.

GARAGE.

Typical Old English
walled-in Garden.ABOUT
1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD, £2,000

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

ISLE OF WIGHT

BETWEEN SEAVIEW AND ST. HELENS.

Facing private esplanade and small sandy bay with safe bathing,
and a wonderful marine view.

A MODERN HOUSE

(Lets Furnished in the Season for average of 20 gns. a week).

WITH HALL AND CLOAK ROOM.

2 RECEPTION. 8 BEDROOMS. DRESSING ROOM
AND 2 BATHROOMS.

All Main Services.

GARAGE AND GARDEN AT REAR

FREEHOLD ONLY £2,300

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

CLOSE TO SURREY COMMON

300FT. UP ON SANDY LOAM SOIL.

OF IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL TO GARDEN LOVERS

SINGULARLY
CHARMING HOUSE35 minutes London via Southern Electric.
Beautiful situation.
Bus route. Perfectly Peaceful.Between London and Brighton and
within easy reach of Walton Heath and
other Golf Courses.OF DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
AND APPROACHED BY A DRIVE.Spacious and lofty rooms enjoying the
maximum of sun and air.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

3 EXCELLENT RECEPTION ROOMS.
9 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.Central Heating.
All main services connected.

2 GARAGES. Greenhouses.

Tennis court over which keen tennis players
enthusiastic.

THE GARDENS

although a most beautiful feature of the
property, can be maintained by one
gardener.2 ACRES
FREEHOLD £4,500

NORTHAMPTON
LEEDS**JACKSON STOPS & STAFF**CIRENCESTER
YEOVIL
DUBLIN

STOPS HOUSE, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

[Phone: Grosvenor 1811.]

FINE TUDOR REPLICA

20 miles N.W. of London.

PARTICULARLY GOOD TYPE OF HOUSE**TO BE LET FURNISHED****OR FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD**

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Stops House, Curzon Street, W.1. (Tel.: Gros. 1811.)

**OXON. EASY REACH OF LONDON
CHARMING WILLIAM AND MARY HOUSE****7 ACRES. FOR SALE**

Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Estate House, Bridge Street, Northampton. (Tel.: 2615.) (10,052.)

**BUCKS. ONLY 3 MILES FROM STOWE SCHOOL
AN UNIQUE EARLY TUDOR HOUSE OF
GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST****1½ ACRES**GARDENER'S COTTAGE ON THE PROPERTY.
REDUCED TO £4,500. FREEHOLD, or REASONABLE OFFER
Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Estate House, Bridge Street, Northampton, (Tel.: 2615.) (9554.)

Hall, 2 staircases, 8 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, Bathrooms, Cellars, Company's electric light, Gas and water, Many old-world features, including secret cupboards, Tudor mantelpieces, watching windows and twisted chimney, GARAGES for 5 cars, and STABLING, House and Garden in perfect order, Charming Garden with River frontage.

HERTS—ESSEX BORDERS

Main line station 7 minutes, from which London is reached in about 40 minutes.

A MOST CHARMING AND CONVENIENTLY PLANNED HOUSE

substantially built, with 1 Acre of attractive garden including tennis court; secluded position.

Exceptionally good

STABLING AND GARAGE ACCOMMODATION, 2 RECEPTION, LOUNGE HALL, 3 LARGE BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM, AND 2 SECONDARY BEDROOMS, BATHROOM AND EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

Company's electric light, gas and water.
Main drainage.**VERY REASONABLE PRICE**

Apply "A 545," c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

CHARMING SECLUDED COUNTRY RESIDENCE; uninterrupted view of sea (Bristol Channel); tree garden sloping to sandy beach; summer house, overlooking sea, tennis lawn, extensive kitchen gardens; safe area; comprising entrance hall, morning, dining and lounge, cloakroom with h. and c., kitchen and scullery (Esse cooker), 4 principal bedrooms (one with dressing room), 2 maid's rooms with separate staircase; double garage. Few minutes train and buses.—Apply J. GILBERT, "St. Hilary," Lavernock, near Cardiff.

SAFE and CONVENIENT POSITION, near Pinner, Middlesex.—Detached HOUSE, with garage; select district, adjoining large permanent open spaces; 5 minutes L.M.S. and Bakerloo, buses, shops, golf; accommodation: 2 reception, study, 4 good bedrooms, kitchenette, bathroom, cloakroom, separate lavatory; superior fittings throughout; auxiliary heating; nice garden. An excellent investment. £1,775, FREEHOLD, INCLUSIVE.
STANLEY SMITH, 11A, Park View, Hatch End, Middlesex.
Phone 685.

WILTS—GLOS BORDERS

Surrounded by three landed estates.

PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE HOUSEwith a lovely outlook,
containing:Hall, 3 reception rooms
8-9 bed and dressing
rooms, bathroom.Excellent Stable
and Garage Block,
including a cottage.**ECONOMICAL
GARDEN**and well-watered
paddocks,
in all about**20 ACRES****FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FREEHOLD**

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Stops House, Curzon Street, W.1 (Tel.: Gros. 1811) and Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel.: 334/5).

**FAVOURITE BANBURY DISTRICT
BEAUTIFUL TUDOR HOUSE ON HIGH GROUND**

4 reception rooms.

Billiard room,

12 bedrooms,

2 bathrooms.

Company's electric light.

Central heating.

Stabling for 9,

3 cottages.

Charming Grounds,

Home Farm.

**FOR SALE WITH 27, 40 or 192 ACRES**

Strongly recommended by the Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Estate House, Bridge Street, Northampton. (Tel.: 2615.) (10,059.)

AN ANCIENT HOUSE IN WONDERFUL SETTING

Successfully Restored and Adapted to Modern Requirements.

SOMERSET—DORSET BORDERS

The house dates from the 12th Century and comprises hall, chapel, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 baths, staff cottage.

Main water.

Septic tank drainage.

Electric light.

Four cottages. Modern Farmery (easily let if desired).

**About 84 ACRES****FOR SALE AT VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICE**

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 29, Princes Street, Yeovil (Tel.: 1066) and Stops House, Curzon Street, London, W.1. (Tel.: Gros. 1811.)

KENYA COLONY—FOR SALE, 1,002 ACRES Ideal Mixed Farm and Sporting Estate. Charming House, cattle, implements, etc. £3,800 or offer.—R. V. HALSTEAD, P.O. Machakos, Kenya Colony.

SOMERSET—SOMETHING WORTH VIEWING.
CHARMING TUDOR-TYPE HOUSE, built in pretty village Fivehead. Safe area. About acre land. 4 bedrooms, 2 reception (Tudor lounge), large kitchen (well fitted), cloakrooms, tiled bathroom, 2 w.c.'s; latest fittings. Large garage. Pretty views. Main services. Cavity walls. Partly central heated. £1,525 FREEHOLD. More land if required.—W. HAWTHORN, "Ganges," Fivehead, Taunton, Somerset.

FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET

TO BE LET FURNISHED, COTTAGE, surrounded by rose gardens, "The Wilderness," Kelmarsh Northants; 4 best and 3 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms; garage; 1 mile from Kelmarsh Station. Full particulars of JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED

FURNISHED HOUSE REQUIRED, September next, for duration of war, within locality Lichfield, Fasle, Little Aston, Warwickshire; 5 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms; garage; 3 cars; central heating, telephone, main supply electricity; nice garden; good view. Also small Furnished Cottage within easy reach, suitable housekeeper, maid and child. Apply "A.387," c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

ESTATE OFFICES,
GODALMING
(TEL.: 2.)

H. B. BAVERSTOCK & SON

4, CASTLE STREET,
FARNHAM
(TEL.: 5274.)

FAVoured PUTTENHAM. SOUTH OF HOG'S BACK

4 MILES FROM GUILDFORD. ADJOINING THE GOLF COURSE.

A MODERN GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Designed by Sir Ernest George, of unquestionable distinction in exclusive situation with extensive views, and surrounded by large estates.

7-9 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, 3 SPACIOUS RECEPTION ROOMS,

MODERN EASILY-RUN OFFICES (with servants' sitting room).

Main water and electricity. Central heating.

COTTAGE.

GARAGE (for 2 cars).

MOST ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS OF 4½ ACRES

Specially recommended by Sole Agents, as above.



BETWEEN GODALMING AND PUTTENHAM

ON HIGH GROUND.

2 MILES MAIN LINE STATION. 50 MINUTES WATERLOO.

A MODERN RESIDENCE

Perfectly equipped and luxuriously replete with every possible convenience.

7 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, HALL, 3 SPACIOUS RECEPTION ROOMS (one 30ft. long)

OAK PANELLED BILLIARDS ROOM.

PRIVATE THEATRE OR BALLROOM, COMPLETE OFFICES.

COTTAGE.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.

GARAGE (for 2 cars).

GROUNDS OF 1½ ACRES.

BUILT AT A COST OF OVER £10,000

THE FREEHOLD IS FOR SALE AT ONLY £5,250

Recommended by Sole Agents, as above.



WEST SURREY

IN THE FAVOURITE MUNSTEAD-HASCOMBE DISTRICT; 5 MILES SOUTH OF GUILDFORD; 2 MILES FROM STATION.

A MODERN RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTION

Situated 300ft. up on sandy soil.

13 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, OFFICES, SERVANTS' HALL, CELLARAGE.

Main electricity and water.

GARAGE (for 2-3 cars).

2 COTTAGES.

CHARMING GARDENS, HEATH AND WOODLAND.

In all 15 ACRES.

FOR SALE AT £6,000 FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: H. B. BAVERSTOCK & SON, Godalming. (TEL.: 2.)



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C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I. SCOTTISH SPORTING AGENT

90, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

6 MILES FROM BARRHILL.

THE SPORTING ESTATE OF BLACK CLAUCHRIE, AYRSHIRE

AREA ABOUT 2,000 ACRES OF GROUSE MOOR WITH SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

BLACK CLAUCHRIE HOUSE stands on the Moor in well sheltered Policies and Garden.

THE WHOLE ESTATE IS MOORLAND.

200 to 300 BRACE GROUSE.

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

SHEEP FARM is Let at Rent of £145 per annum.

LOW UPSET PRICE



TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON WEDNESDAY, 22ND MAY, 1940, at 2.30 P.M.

Auctioneer and Sole Agent: C. W. INGRAM, F.S.I.

FOR SALE OR LET FURNISHED.
CENTRAL PERTHSHIRE.—SPORTING ESTATE, 3,200 Acres, overlooking Loch Ard. House in beautiful situation, arranged on two floors, 4 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 maids' rooms. Electric light. Garage, 2 Cottages. TROUT FISHING. GOOD GROUSE SHOOTING AND STAGS.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.
WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.—Estate about 750 Acres, within one hour of Glasgow. In safe area. Well-arranged MODERN HOUSE, 4 reception, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Garage, Stabling.

SALMON FISHING. SHOOTING. 2 FARMS.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED OR LEASE.
PERTHSHIRE (Near Main Line).—In splendid situation. Up-to-date COUNTRY HOUSE, with southern aspect. Electric light, central heating and numerous labour-saving devices. Attractive but inexpensive Garden. SMALL GROUSE MOOR AND GOOD MIXED SHOOTING. Loch Fishing. Golf within easy reach.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED OR PARTLY FURNISHED.
ROXBURGHSHIRE (best Hunting district).—Nicely situated HOUSE arranged on two floors, 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light, "Esse" cooker, Stabling. Hard tennis court. LOW GROUND SHOOTING OVER 2,000 ACRES. In Buccleuch Hunt and the "Scott" country.

90, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

5, GRAFTON ST.,
MAYFAIR, W.1
(REGENT 4685)

MAPLE & CO., LTD.

TOTTENHAM
COURT RD., W.1
(EUSTON 7000)

"ROSINGS FARM," COOLHAM, NEAR HORSHAM

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PROPERTIES OF ITS SIZE IN THE WHOLE OF SUSSEX
WITH VIEWS OVER THE DOWNS EMBRACING CHANCTONBURY RING

A DRIVE OF ABOUT 300
YARDS LEADS TO THE
LOVELY OLD HOUSE
WITH ITS HORSHAM SLAB
STONE ROOF.



IN IRREPROACHABLE
ORDER WITH
ELECTRIC LIGHT,
EFFICIENT
CENTRAL HEATING,
CONCEALED FITTED BASINS
IN MANY BEDROOMS.



THE HALL WITH ORIGINAL STONE-FLAGGED FLOOR.

THE RESIDENCE

contains briefly :
VERY FINE LOUNGE HALL,
BEAUTIFUL
DRAWING ROOM,
TASTEFULLY DECORATED
DINING ROOM,
STUDY, COMPLETELY
PANELLED IN OAK,
ABOUT 12 BEDROOMS,
5 BATHROOMS,
ETC.



THE DRAWING ROOM WITH DOOR TO LOGGIA.

THE PROPERTY EXTENDS
TO ABOUT

110 ACRES

INCLUDING THE FARM.

**LOVELY
GARDENS**

FINE TIMBER.
SPACIOUS LAWN.
YEW HEDGES.
HARD TENNIS COURT.
SUNK GARDEN.
HERBACEOUS BORDER.
ORCHARD AND KITCHEN
GARDEN,
ETC.



THE DINING ROOM WITH PAINTED DECORATIONS.



A BEDROOM WITH DRESSING ROOM AND BATH *en suite*.



THE GUEST COTTAGE AND FARMBUILDINGS.

**3 VERY FINE
DETACHED
COTTAGES**

GARAGE ACCOMMODATION
FOR 6 OR MORE CARS.
EXCELLENT
FARMBUILDINGS.

There is also a very fine and most
picturesque Bowling Alley with
Cocktail Bar and ample space for
Billiard Table.



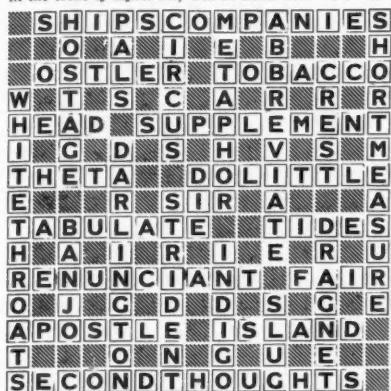
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SOLUTION to No. 532

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 6th, will be anno noxi next week.

**ACROSS.**

1. It might, of course, contain accounts of an acrobatic company's performances (two words, 7, 5)
- 8 and 9. The train to the man who has missed it? (8)
10. Fit or unfit for the road as the car or its driver may be (5)
12. "Insculped and embossed With his —— of wind And his graver of frost." —Francis Thompson (6)
13. He would be blowed if he'd exert himself (7)
15. Lincoln's most famous one is not in Lincoln (3)
- 16 and 17. 1939 (two words, 6, 4)
- 18 and 20. Not a monopoly of hoary heads (two words, 4, 6)
22. Sign of distress, indicating save our bacon? (3)
24. Wealthy (7)
25. Buoyant at the end of the line (6)
27. A sailing ship (5)

- 28 and 29. Jekyll's Hyde or vice versa (two words, 5, 3)
30. The first plate (12).

DOWN.

1. "Ranter and Royal and —— as true." —J. W. Graves (7)
2. Let Troy come out of it (7)
3. Another one is needed to get the horse's hair from it (4)
4. To do so you put a 26 to the sentence (3)
5. In looking for a pipe it might seem that an angler had found a part of his tackle (6)
6. He still overshadows the thoroughbred world with his 3 (7)
7. He at least fares well before the battle (two words, 8, 4)
11. What shareholders live in expectation of (12)
13. Moderations may seem moderate in front of them (6)
14. From an American viewpoint not altogether straight (6)
19. It draws the line between north and south (7)
21. He must play the game in seeing it played (7)
22. A subject of King Peter (7)
23. Bird to eat with *petit pois*? (6)
26. See 4 down (4)
28. Friend? The speaker seems doubtful (3)

The winner of Crossword No. 531 is

G. S. Lloyd Davies, Esq.,

Orchard Hill, Netherbury, Dorset

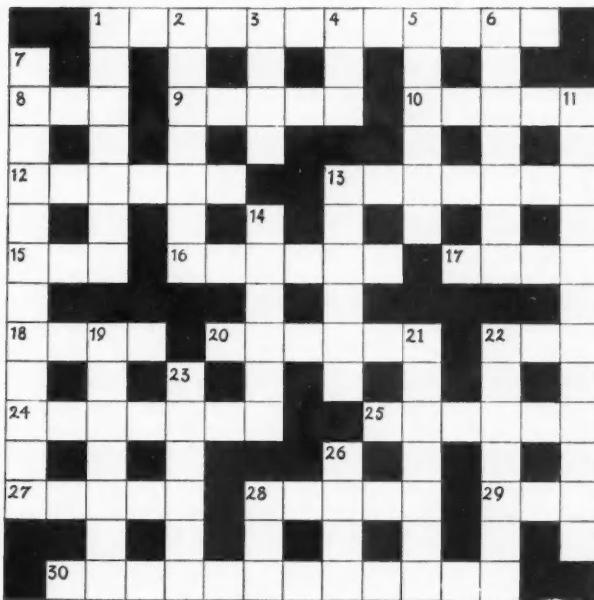
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 533

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 533, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, April 18th, 1940.**

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"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 533

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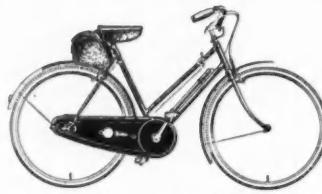
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COUNTRY LIFE

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Miss Bowes-Lyon is the younger daughter of Lord Glamis and Lady Dorothy Glamis, a granddaughter of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, and a niece of H.M. the Queen. Her marriage to Mr. Lance Robinson, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Captain P. D. Robinson, 9th Northumberland Fusiliers, and of Mrs. E. L. Dimond, is to take place in London on April 25th.

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THE FARM WORKER

SIR REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH had a vexed and complicated problem to deal with when he moved the second reading of the Agricultural Wages Bill last week, but he managed to make the situation relatively clear, and the subsequent debate showed that, even if the Bill could not be described as an agreed measure, there was certainly a good deal of agreement about it. For the past quarter of a century a local machinery to regulate the fixing of agricultural wages has been built up; and, though the Central Wages Board of to-day has hitherto had no power to fix general rates for the country as a whole, there can be no doubt that it is a very suitable body to do so. As the Minister declared, there need be no fear that the Central Wages Board now in existence would not give full weight to the economic conditions both of the industry and the country in deciding what would be the right and proper basic rate of wages. The new principle which the present Bill introduces into the machinery of wage regulation is that the minimum wage levels are to be looked at in the first place from a broad national point of view, and that wherever adjustments are necessary to meet local conditions they will be superimposed upon the basic figure. There will in future be a new division of responsibility as between the Central Board and the Central Wages Committees. The Central Board will fix the datum line, and the county committees, working from the datum line, will decide upon the details of the rates which are to be applied in their own areas. This arrangement, as embodied in the Bill, appears to be a reasonable compromise between national and local control, and though the farmers have strongly urged that the Bill should be so framed that there would be a definite link between wages and prices, it now seems pretty clear that the National Farmers' Union are prepared to accept a measure of central control so long as they are not faced with a national standard of wages which it is impossible—in certain places and circumstances—actually to pay out of what farmers receive for their produce. This being so, the problem, like so many others in this country, returns from one of policy to one of practice. The Central Board at present consists of eight employers' representatives and eight workers' representatives with four impartial members nominated by the Minister. They sit

under the chairmanship of Lord Ullswater, perhaps the most impartial Speaker we have ever had, and, some say, the most impartial of mankind.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

UNDERLYING the farmers' question of farm wages, however, is the nation's need to keep, when peace returns again, a thriving and industrious population on the land, producing all those health-giving foods which our towns and cities cannot do without. And the still more urgent necessity of increasing our immediate war production. It is difficult at the present time for anybody outside those who frame our actual war policy to say how far reservation of registered men is helping the farmer to keep things going and to keep pace with the development of ploughing-up. The number of young "key" men being retained is not very large, in spite of recent decisions. If the whole business of the farm is to be left—for an indefinite number of years—to "children and the aged infirm," as one authority has suggested, there is not likely to be much in the way of an indigenous agricultural population surviving in a few years' time. Before the harvest progress no doubt will have been made with organising not only volunteer labour but mobile gangs controlled by the War Agricultural Committees. More recruits are now required for the Women's Land Army, which is now hard at work in most counties. Lord Derby's appeal for the "enlistment" of the sixteen-to-twenties on useful farm and forestry work has never been taken seriously enough, and there are lots of actual schoolboys—with young schoolmasters to look after them—who would be delighted to do harvesting and other farm jobs in their holidays.

THE SECOND PHASE

ANOTHER very important side of the matter has more recently been raised by an Oxford authority, Captain G. T. Hutchinson of Christ Church. The first phase in the campaign for production, in which the main objective was to plough and crop 2,000,000 acres of grassland for the 1940 harvest, is, he thinks, in spite of Mr. A. P. McDougall's tale of woe, well advanced. In this phase the objective was limited, but by the end of this month at least 1,900,000 acres will have been ploughed. There must, however, be a second phase, which must include not only preparation for the 1941 harvest but the taking of a great number of difficult decisions as to the best methods of increasing production. Hitherto decisions have been fairly simple. Most of the land to be ploughed has been ploughed voluntarily. The time will soon come, if it has not already arrived, when the claims of crops and stock will be in conflict on nearly every farm. Such a conflict was long ago envisaged in these pages, and in our series "Towards an Agricultural Policy" it was urged that all the possibilities entailed should be considered well in advance of a possible outbreak of hostilities. Another question, raised by Sir Frederick Keeble, concerns the usefulness of factories built for drying potatoes. The Minister certainly does not lack problems to solve, and no doubt before long many of his critics will be helping him to solve them.

WHAT THE FARMERS THINK OF LORD ASTOR

LAST week we commented that Lord Astor's observations in the controversy in *The Times* between Mr. A. P. McDougall and the Minister of Agriculture were, at best, misleading, instancing his views on the personnel of the county war agricultural committees and on grassland improvement. The National Farmers' Union has now expressed, in no uncertain terms, what they think of his criticisms of war-time farming in general and the Ministry's policy in particular:

The views on agricultural policy associated with the name of Lord Astor have never commanded themselves to any but an exiguous minority of the agricultural community. Nevertheless, we have no doubt that, if he became the Hitler of Home Food Production, he would readily gather round him an "advisory council" of like-minded faddists. But their activities would cost the country dearly—in hard cash, in diminished output of food-stuffs and in the complete destruction of confidence amongst all sections of agriculturists.



THE LIBRARY AT NEWTON FERRERS

Sir Robert Abdy's home has been destroyed by fire. Besides his own valuable possessions there were a number of paintings which had been evacuated to the house by a London art gallery.

THE WAR OPENS

THE War of Raw Materials, of blockade and counter-blockade, has opened swiftly, and characteristically. Hitler's tactics have become increasingly plain in recent months—to counter each stage in the Allied blockade by striking at the more vulnerable neutrals, the smaller the better. Denmark and Norway had already been subjected on the high seas to treatment tantamount to open warfare by Germany. The events of the last few days are true to form, and force home the truth that isolated neutrality is precarious or impossible for any State adjoining the Reich. As a result, we can openly acknowledge the traditional community of interests and history with our Norwegian cousins, and each can claim the other as an ally in all truth. A great deal will happen in the immediate future, for the war has been opened on the element that is Britain's choice as well as her life, and the world can be certain that the British Navy welcomes space for manœuvre and impact which has not hitherto been available.

THE GOAT

He sniffed my hair and sniffed my bag
And, having loosed a thong,
Found nuts and verse. He took the nuts
And left the little song.

O goat, I've met your kind before
Who scan a poet's head
But have no use for songs, and choose
A monkey nut instead.

ANNA DE BARY.

NEWTON FERRERS BURNT

IT is distressing how prone redecorated and finely furnished Georgian houses seem to be to devastating fires. The fire at Newton Ferrers, Sir Robert Abdy's exquisite home in Cornwall, closely follows the destruction of Buxted, which it rivalled in the value and beauty of its contents. Sir Robert is on active service, and Lady Diana Abdy was alone with her baby. Happily, there was no loss of life in the fire, which broke out in the early morning, and a good deal of the contents is reported to have been saved, including the library—Sir Robert specialised in valuable bindings and fine illustrated books. Newton Ferrers is a square granite building of about 1700, overlooking a series of terraces with massive granite balustrades. Inside, Sir Robert and Lady Diana, who bought the house in 1936, had decorated it charmingly as a background to an important collection of French furniture and pictures which formed a striking contrast to the plain and massive exterior, is all that now remains, since the remote position of the house delayed the arrival of help.

PHONEY

THE use of a word, even by a prime minister and a minister for war, does not necessarily make it a pleasant one, and we may hope that "phoney" has not come to stay. Both M. Reynaud and Mr. Oliver Stanley have protested that this is not a phoney war, but they seem to use this adjective in slightly different senses. M. Reynaud, who clearly had a proper dislike for it, supposed that it must mean "ersatz." Mr. Stanley attributed it to the ringside, where, he said, "people after good dinners sat in great comfort and in no physical danger urging other people to hit each other harder and hurt each other more." The Oxford Dictionary declares it means "sham, false, counterfeit," and is not certain how it came to do so, but it gives a quotation from a New York paper to the effect that something phoney has no more substance than a telephone conversation with an imaginary friend. That is just what we should have expected of it, that it was derived from that singularly loathsome abbreviation "phone." Of that it is to be feared we shall never be rid, but we have plenty of good English words without adopting "phoney," which might well be returned to its domicile of origin.

SCAPA IN WAR-TIME

THERE is no intention of closing down Scapa for the duration of the war. In satisfying readers who have been anxious about its future, we have to confess that our information has not been censored and that there is always the possibility that it may come under the eye of Dr. Goebbels. Scapa will continue to exercise its double function of vigilance and protection against the raids of advertisers using the methods of indiscriminate warfare to the destruction of the countryside. The work of the organisation, whose initials are those of the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, is well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. What regulations there are in force to control outdoor advertising are largely due to its activities, and when war broke out fresh legislation was under consideration. That will have to be postponed until better times. Meanwhile, the Society recognises the importance of keeping its organisation going. As might be expected, there has been a considerable diminution in roadside advertising during the past few months, the black-out and the decrease in motoring both having had their effect. Many hoardings and boards are now blank, though in most cases they have not been taken down. This not unwelcome state of affairs should make it easier when the time comes to press for more effective control. The Society has been temporarily transferred to The Hall, Southstoke, Bath, which it is sharing with the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society and the National Playing Fields Association.

A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

"NOMAD NAVVIES"—SHORTAGE OF SONGSTERS—A HORSE MARINE—TROUT AND MARROW SCOOPS—TRUTHFUL FISHERMEN—THE RABBITS

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THE construction of big military encampments and aerodromes all over the country appears to have re-created a type of nomad navvy that was a common feature of the 'forties when railways were spreading throughout the British Isles. The wages paid to-day are most generous—in fact, I have come across several cases where they were not only generous but incredible as well; but this does not appear to affect the situation. When one job is finished the majority of the gang are "on the road" in the accepted sense of the expression, walking across country to the next camp where labour is required, and I came across a party of them the other day in a wayside "pub" in Devon. One of them, a small, very thick-set man, had a huge mug of cider in his hand, and, imagining that he was from the locality, I ventured the remark that I supposed to a Devon man there was nothing like cider.

"I can't say," he replied in the guttural burr of Durham. "I'm not a Devon man—I'm from Sunderland—but if this is cider I hope there is nothing else like it."

I asked why he had ordered it and he explained that he had not.

"When you're on the road walking to a job with empty pockets you have to take what you can get," he explained, "and a kind gent. ordered this for me. Rough cider he called it, and he's right. It is rough. The next kind gent. I meet I hope will stand me a pint of beer to wash the acid out of my mouth," and so the pint was ordered.

* * *

IN Ireland, as everyone knows, Guinness' stout is the drink of the country, and I realised its popularity last time I was over there. We were staying in a little fishing hotel that looked out on to the main street of the village, and on the roof of one of the houses opposite my wife noticed a black kitten that had been there since the previous day. Evidently it had climbed to the tiles by some means or other, but had been unable to face the descent; so I was detailed to effect a rescue.

I asked a passer-by if he knew where I could find a ladder. He didn't, but he knew a man who would know, and by the time this person had been unearthed the greater part of the unemployed portion of the village had turned up to help. The ladder was put in position and eight men lined up on its rungs, passing down the protesting kitten, which bit and scratched each helper in turn. The rescue having been effected there was only one thing to do about it, so I asked the party into the hotel bar for a drink, and the first seven said: "Shure I'll have a Guinness." Then came the eighth man whom I recognised as an old Connaught Ranger and a veteran of the Boer War. I asked him what his was, and he looked me straight in the eye.

"Shure, I'll have two Guinesses," he said firmly.

* * *

CORRESPONDENTS in several newspapers have commented on the lack of thrushes this year, and as the writers live in various parts of the country it would seem that this state of affairs is general throughout the country. In this corner of the New Forest the scarcity is most marked, for normally in March and April the thrush predominates over all others in the bird chorus at dawn and dusk. This year, instead of hearing a dozen or more thrushes singing with their clear assertive notes, it is difficult to pick out one.

Most correspondents attribute the shortage to the very severe cold, but the thrush is by no means shy, and is usually to be seen at every bird-table where food has been more generous than usual this winter. I have an idea that there has been some epidemic among the species that started as far back as last September, for it was about that time the thrushes became less evident in the garden, and our four regular visitors ceased to turn up for meals. There was some mysterious disease that practically wiped out the long-tailed tit a few years ago, and now it would seem to be the turn of the thrush. It is a pity that Nature does not select some less desirable bird for semi-extinction, for spring is not complete without the thrushes and their songs, while their work in the garden is entirely laudable.

* * *

LAST week, when commenting on the mounted division that is being formed for service in the East if necessary, I stated there should be no lack of experienced officers to command the units, and among them men who had had actual experience of cavalry work on the plains of Palestine and Syria. I discovered one myself last week, Colonel the Hon. F. W. Cripps, who was in command of the Bucks Hussars when, with the Dorsets, they charged the retreating Turks north of Gaza in what was probably the most brilliant cavalry action of the last war.

Unfortunately Colonel Cripps is not available at present. Disappointed at not being re-engaged when he offered to rejoin in September last, he applied for a job at the Admiralty, and is now serving in the thick of things as a much-bemedalled but

quite junior Naval officer. When offered an Army commission by the War Office some months later he is reported to have replied that he was unable to accept their kind offer, as he had joined the Senior Service.

* * *

NOW that marrow-bones appear so seldom on the table the old marrow scoops that figured invariably in the set of silver presented to our grand and great-grand parents on their marriages are seldom used, and in most cases have been put aside as interesting relics of day that is past. Mr. Skues, the well known dry-fly fisherman, has, however, found a use for these superannuated utensils, and he employs one to scoop out from trout the contents of their stomachs. He does not do this solely to amuse himself, but to ascertain the particular fly, or rather nymph, that fish are taking. As he explains in his recent book, "Nymph Fishing for Chalk Stream Trout," the secret of success is to discover the exact form of food that is proving popular; a *post mortem* with a knife is a lengthy and messy business, but one twist of the marrow scoop will bring the whole contents of a fish's stomach into the open air, where it can be examined at leisure. It sounds most convincing, but I have an uncomfortable feeling that some of us may meet with active opposition on the home front if antique pieces of silver with the George III hall-mark are taken from the silver table for autopsy work on the river bank.

Mr. Skues' book is of particular interest, for I doubt if there is any writer on angling who has devoted so much time to the sport, and I recall reading and reviewing his "Minor Tactics of a Chalk Stream" as long ago as 1914, when he was already something of a dry-fly veteran. His theory now, after a lifetime spent on the river bank, is that the majority of the rising fish one sees in summer are not taking the surface fly at all, but are feeding on the immature nymphs that are wriggling upwards from the river bed. It is generally useless in these cases to present to them a winged or hackle fly, and one should put on some lightly tied pattern that will sink below the surface and will resemble the insect the trout are taking. I feel certain there is much in this theory, and I find it most comforting. I have been wondering for several years at my lack of success with the dry fly, and was beginning to imagine that the fault must lie with me, but now I realise I have been using the wrong lure.

* * *

IWONDER why it is that for generations anglers have been credited with mendacity and gross exaggeration, combined with a gesture of the hands that denotes the size of the giant fish that was caught or lost. I have had quite a lot to do with fishermen in angling hotels, clubs and places where they meet, and have been struck always with their extreme modesty as a class. In fact, one gathers, when listening to their stories, that none of them is really very much good with a fly rod, and the few successes they have scored have been obtained more by luck than skill or foresight. As a community I should class them as being not only modest but essentially truthful.

On the other hand, one never hears the accusation of mendacity made against authors, but if one wishes to hear some really romantic fiction one should attend a cocktail party of literary people, and listen to the authors telling each other the size of the advanced royalties they have succeeded in extracting from their publishers. The amusing part about the whole business is that their auditors consist almost entirely of other authors and publishers, and the former strongly suspect that the statements made are false, while the publishers are quite certain about it. I have always felt that if one is going to tell a lie there should be some reasonable expectation of its being believed, but apparently the average author makes no such reservation.

* * *

AT this time of the year the rabbit's fancy turns to thoughts of love—not lightly, as Tennyson's young man, but very seriously indeed—and the earliest evidence of this is the scattered patches of fur one sees on every downside where the jealous bucks have been settling their differences overnight. With the weather we have been experiencing this year one would imagine it would take a very warm-hearted rabbit to think of either spring or matrimony, but actually on one particular stretch of land there was a scrap of grey-brown fur on every square yard of turf, suggestive of intensive fighting through all the hours of darkness. This is remarkable, because the warren in question has been very consistently worked ever since the war started. On two occasions a long net has been employed by night; the holes have been systematically trapped and ferreted; and most evenings the farmer or one of his sons goes round with the gun. It would seem, therefore, that the majority of the rabbits killed must have been does, and that the excess of males over females has caused far more duels than is normally the case. Apparently every successful buck has had to fight a series of stiff eliminating bouts before he could claim his bride, and the unfortunate part about it is that after all this trouble there is absolutely no guarantee of continued fidelity.



THE FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE AND THE WAR

By
HAROLD NICOLSON

(Left) TYPICAL OF THE NATION
An old peasant of the Alpes carries on

(Below) AT THE BACK OF 5,000,000 MEN CALLED TO THE COLOURS
Monsieur and Madame going to market

WE are apt to regard the French as an urban race, being tempted to this illusion by the distinction with which for centuries they have planned their towns. And indeed even the smaller cities of France possess a symmetry in comparison with which many of our own county capitals appear little more than agglomerations around the parish pump. It would seem as if we British were devoid of municipal self-consciousness and that the dignity of Nancy or the smiling elegance of Aix en Provence is something which escapes the imagination and the ambition of our provincial aediles. Yet the fact that the French have carried to perfection the art of designing, and living in, urban centres should not blind us to the even more important fact that they are fundamentally an agricultural people. The stolid resolution of the French nation, their passionate unanimity in the defence of their native soil, is due to the circumstance that the dominant mentality in France is a peasant mentality: obstinate, suspicious, individualist, industrious and, when need comes, heroic.

We saw in our newspapers that the French Government had decreed "general mobilisation," yet we did not all of us understand what an overwhelming dislocation was thereby entailed. All Frenchmen, upon completing their two years of military service, are provided with a mobilisation card on which is written the place and time at which, in the event of war, they must join their units. When, upon September 2nd last, general mobilisation was decreed, as many as twenty-eight classes, representing roughly some 5,600,000 men, were called to the colours. Even when one deducts the older men of over forty-eight years of age, even when one deducts those in reserved occupations, the actual number of men now serving with the colours is close on five millions. It is difficult for us to visualise the effect upon the social and



economic life of a country of this sudden displacement of practically all the effective male population. Obviously a great agricultural industry must be one of the first to be affected.

When I was over in France last month I was particularly interested to learn what measures had been taken by the authorities to cope with this sudden shortage of agricultural labour. The main burden, in the first few weeks after September 2nd, fell upon the women and children. Even those who were wholly inexpert were called in to lend their hands, and although the majority of such workers were totally unskilled, yet a great deal of the harvest was rescued before it was too late. In certain extreme cases a month's leave was accorded to agricultural workers to return from the front line to their farms. The two classes of those of forty-nine and fifty were released for work on the land, and the Government was satisfied that, in spite of much dislocation and some wastage, the substantial part of the 1939 harvest had been garnered.

A special problem was that of the beetroot crop, vast

NO WOMEN'S LAND ARMY IS NEEDED
The women of France are a permanent land army



Photo : Mary Hanna

Photo : *Telefrance***LA BELLE TRACTOR DRIVER**

acres of which are situated in the actual zone of the armies. The beet is an exhausting vegetable, and to harvest it requires great physical effort within a limited time. The transport problem is also considerable, since vast quantities of beet have to be moved by train and lorry from the fields to the sugar factories. Last September it seemed at one moment as if a large proportion of the beet crop would be lost. Not only were the usual workers serving with the colours, but the large numbers of Belgian labourers who in normal times flock across the frontier for this seasonal employment were obliged to remain in their own still neutral country. Moreover, practically all the lorries had been requisitioned, and the railways were fully occupied with military transport. The rainy weather had rendered this harvest one of unusual difficulty.

In order to save the beetroot, the authorities sent to the beet-fields drafts of unemployed from the towns, of schoolboys still on holiday, and of native labourers from Morocco and Algeria. Yet here again it was the women, the wives and daughters of the men at the front, who did the greater part of the work. In the areas close to the front line, the French soldiers also acted as willing helpers. Our own men, at first, stood idly by, watching the women staggering under the weight of these ungainly vegetables. It never dawned upon them that they might lend a hand. Fortunately, some general possessed of imagination observed what was happening. With a whoop of delight the Tommies descended upon the beetfields and did their part. The railways

Photo : *S.A.F.A.R.A.***VINTAGE IN TOURAIN**

strained every effort to provide transport, with the result that by November 15th some 60 per cent. of the total crop was transported to the factories and it is now estimated that the crop (which was abundant) has yielded more than a million tons of sugar as compared with the 780,000 tons of 1938. By a similar national effort

the vintage was also saved. Some 30 per cent. of the total (which was exceptionally heavy) is being reserved for the manufacture of alcohol for war purposes. The 1939 vintage, it is stated by experts, was not merely a bumper vintage but of very excellent quality. Meanwhile the French Ministry of Agriculture is devoting all its efforts to replacing manual labour by machines. In many centres courses are being given to elderly farmers upon the management of tractors. Experiments are being made in new types of fuel to replace petrol. Many young women are already proving themselves expert at the handling of agricultural machinery. The innate conservatism of the French farmer and peasant is being broken down by the necessities of war.

As one flies over the vast fields of France to-day one can see the new tractors and the old teams driving their furrows with the old precision. Yet behind them flutter petticoats, and even from the air one can observe that the women are unaccompanied except by the very old or the very, very young. There is something both moving and symbolic in such a picture. One thinks of the men out there, guarding the bastions of the east; and in that dogged agricultural continuity one sees a symbol of the superb tenacity of France.

**ENTENTE CORDIALE**

Photo : *Mary Hanna*
MARKET DAY SERVES AS RADIO AND NEWSPAPER TO THE WOMEN OF LONELY FARMS



Photo : *Lady Joan Verney*
LA VEILLEUSE. ANY FRENCH MOTHER IN ANY FRENCH TOWN

THE SUTTON HOO SHIP-BURIAL

By SIR CECIL HAROURT-SMITH

By permission of the owner Mrs. E. M. Pretty, it is hoped to resume excavation in the near future of other tumuli at Sutton Hoo, Woodbridge, where the ship-burial was unearthed last year. The following article discusses whether the remarkable objects then found are of Saxon or Viking origin.

1.—(Left) GOLD BUCKLE, 5½ IN. LONG, WITH NIELLO INLAY AND INTERLACED STRAP-WORK

2.—(Right) GOLD CLASP WITH JEWELS AND FILIGREE, A PAIR

IT will be remembered that in May of last year a mound or barrow at Sutton Hoo, near Woodbridge in Suffolk, was found to contain the remains of an 84ft. long oared ship, in which a presumed sea-captain had been buried amid a variety of his possessions. These furnished indications that the burial must have taken place some time after A.D. 640. As no remains of a body were found, it is possible that a cenotaph, rather than a grave, was in question. The *British Museum Quarterly*, Vol. xiii, No. 4, consists of a scholarly and well illustrated account of this very important discovery. The outbreak of war interrupted the work of studying the treasure; but fortunately, before the objects were removed to safety from war risks, it had been found possible to carry out some of the necessary work of cleaning and preservation, and to make record-photographs, some of which, by permission of the Museum authorities, accompany this article.

Mr. Kendrick and his coadjutors adopt the view that the barrow is Anglo-Saxon, and that the personage associated with it was an Anglo-Saxon king, possibly Redwald, who became Bretwalda (High King) of England about 616, and died about A.D. 626; there is, however, no evidence definitely confirming either of these theories, while there appear to be some reasons for doubting them. The arguments in their favour appear to be mainly as follows:

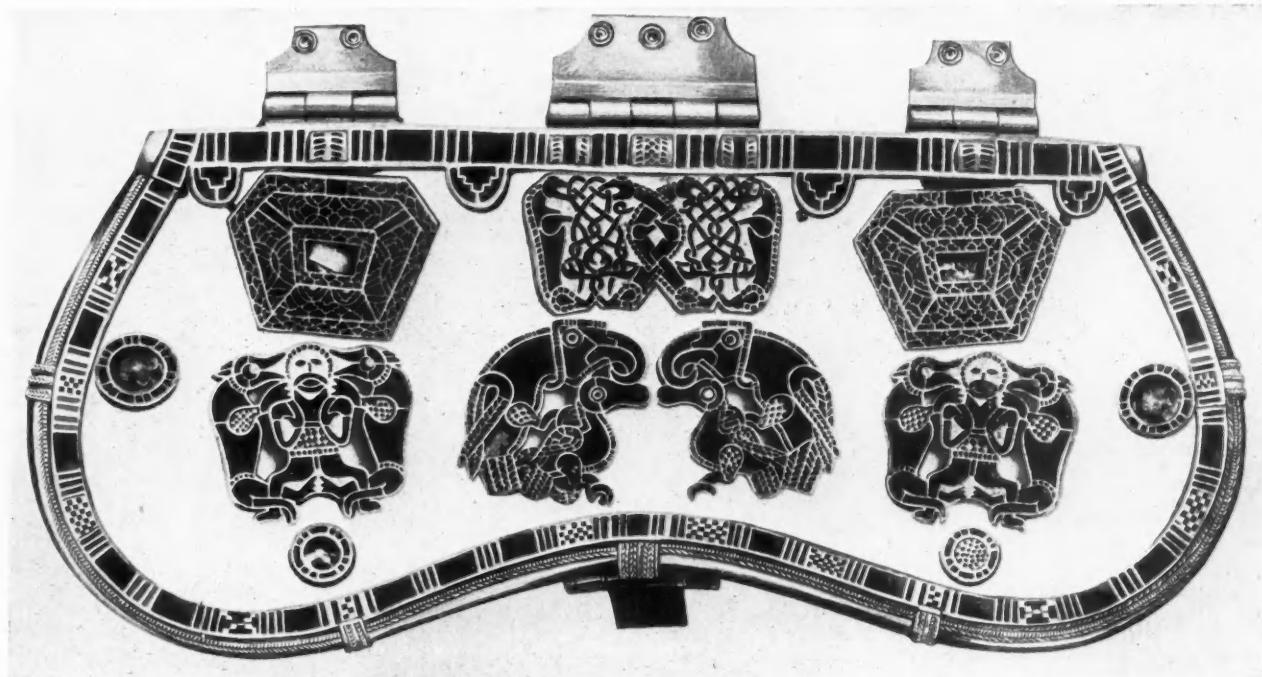
It is suggested that none but a king would have so rich a surrounding, and its lavish character points to a pagan rather than a Christian burial. Redwald was the last of our pagan kings, and we know that his family had some connection with

the district, for, at any rate some thirty years after his death, his nephew had a residence at Rendlesham. On the other hand, the general character of the objects found, especially the coins, points to a date nearer 670, long after Redwald's death, and his successors were Christian.

Again, in the case of the gold objects, much stress is laid on details of style of which parallels are found in Kentish work; but comparatively few suggest a local origin, and to the ordinary observer there seems to be insufficient ground for the assertion that we have here proved the existence in the seventh century of an outstanding Suffolk school of goldsmiths. The jewelled *cloisonné* work of Sutton Hoo, with its sunk-cell garnet inlay, illustrates a style familiar to us in north-eastern European jewellery from the fifth century downwards; but it exhibits an inventiveness which is as yet without parallel, and would seem to be the outcome of a long development, of which in East Anglia we have as yet no evidence.

If the burial is that of an Anglo-Saxon king it is surely odd that no trace was found of a buried body or ashes, and no single object—such as a ring, for instance—which can be definitely identified as personal to the deceased. Odd again is the fact that the forty gold coins found are all standard moneys of the Byzantine Empire, and not one is of English origin. Again, the damaged bronze bowl, roughly strengthened with a thong, hardly suggests an appanage of Royalty.

The miscellaneous character of the finds seems to suggest collection by a person or persons who either travelled widely or had extensive means of communication. It certainly looks as



3.—PURSE MOUNTS OF GOLD AND JEWELS, ILLUSTRATING UNIQUE CHAMPLEVE WORK



4.—SILVER BOWL WITH CLASSICAL HEAD IN MEDALLION

if they may have belonged to a hoard or treasury which had been rifled. If such a treasury were Christian, it would explain the saints' names which occur on the two spoons, and possibly also the bowl with the Christian emblem of a fish.

While, therefore, little of the internal evidence points to a royal Anglo-Saxon burial, much of it suggests a Viking origin. In the first place, any ship-burial affords a fair presumption that the subject of it has had at least some close association with the sea. We know, however, that from the sixth century the Saxons had practically ceased to be a sea-faring folk. If the sea rover had lost his life by drowning, or at sea, the absence of a body would be explained. The burial in a ship on a height overlooking the sea would be appropriate for a Viking, but would have little point in the case of an Anglo-Saxon king. If all the other eleven barrows on the site are ever opened, as there is now hope that they will be, further light may be thrown on the problem.

Many of the objects have a decided Viking flavour. The drinking horns, with the characteristic serpent-form decoration in their mounts: the shield-boss, which is paralleled in contemporary Swedish ship-burials: the remains of the sword, which resemble those of the North German and Lombard types: and the whetstone "of barbaric character" which, while appropriate for a sea voyage, seems to be out of place among the regalia of a Saxon king. It is a pity that the blade of the sword has perished; it would have been interesting to know whether it was engraved with runes, like that made by Wayland Smith for Brother Hugh, which sang before battle.

The practice of burying the Viking in his ship and erecting over it a mound or barrow, as alluded to in the sagas, is exemplified in numerous finds which have taken place in Norway, Sweden, and Jutland. One of the most famous is that of Gokstad. Here the ship was 78ft. long (practically the same dimensions as those of Sutton Hoo), with a mast and sixteen pairs of oars. The body of the chief, with his weapons, was laid in an after-cabin, and in the surrounding earth were placed twelve horses, six dogs, and a peacock. At Upsala in Sweden are the no less famous burials known as the "King's Hows." This last name is suggestive: the word "Hoo" is a variant of the more familiar "Howe," which connotes a hollow, or the hold of a ship. It is in this latter sense that it seems to be used at Upsala. We know that frequently a place-name commemorates some important event connected with the locality. May it not be that Sutton Hoo owes its name to the ship-burial which had taken place there?

A well known Danish diplomatist remarked to me recently that, contrary to Shakespeare's dictum, England had at least once been at the mercy of a conqueror. He was alluding, of course, to his piratical ancestors, who in the seventh and succeeding centuries raided our shores at will, and finally occupied most of the country, even including London:

For the old sea-faring men
Came to us now and then
With their sagas of the seas.

These troubles were brought on us mainly owing to the previous neglect of our sea-power, and were only remedied by Alfred's efforts in laying the foundations of the British Navy.

It was not until the eighth century that Danish raids on the English coast presented a serious and organised menace, but sporadic descents by Vikings on both our eastern and western shores had

been frequent for more than a century. An early ship-burial like that of Sutton Hoo has recently been found in the Isle of Man, and East Anglia was not likely to be immune. Lindisfarne was sacked in 793; the famous silver censer and nef in the Victoria and Albert Museum are generally believed to have formed part of the treasure salvaged from the sacking of a monastery by sea-raiders, and sunk, by accident or design, in Whittlesea Mere.

If then we have at Sutton a Viking's burial, the contents may represent the proceeds of loot, and need not be regarded as illustrative as a whole of either Anglo-Saxon or Viking art. The "joyous ventures" of Othere and his like must have accumulated a very mixed bag.

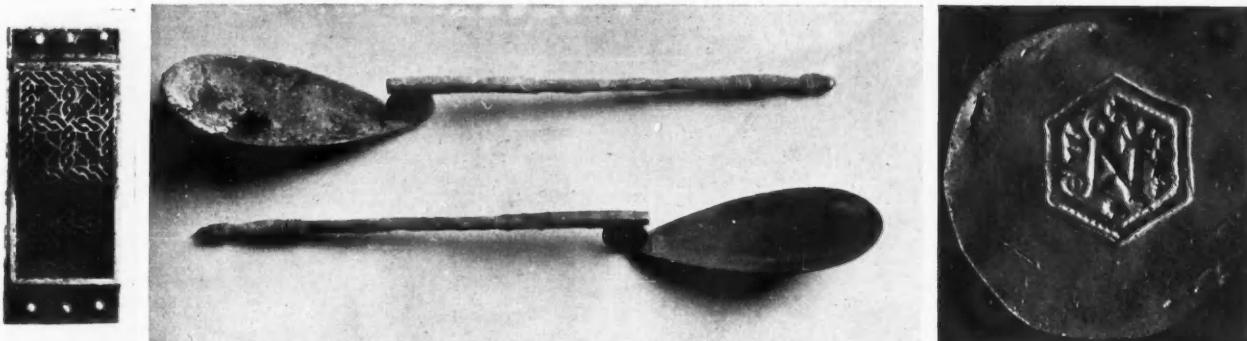
Whatever the origin may be of this surprising hoard, it is of supreme value as illustrating a phase in the history of our stormy seventh century. In the absence of comparable material, and pending the further cleaning and examination of the objects, it may be rash to formulate any but general deductions.

The most remarkable pieces of the find are the gold buckle and pair of clasps (Figs. 1 and 2). The buckle is no less than 5½ins. long. It is decorated all over with the characteristic Scandinavian device of intricately convoluted cord—or snake—pattern, a maze of coils and twists from which occasionally emerges the semblance of an animal's head or body. The snake or dragon is, of course, a feature familiar in northern myth, and intricate ornament has always been regarded as a protective puzzle against malign influences.

The pair of clasps are a very different matter. Here the main surface is divided into panels, each of which has a geometric pattern, rows of linked squares with the familiar "stepped" outline. The rounded ends have crude zoomorphic designs. The maze pattern is almost entirely absent, but the borders have a faint suggestion of it in



5.—THE BRONZE MOUNT OF A CEREMONIAL WHETSTONE, TWO FEET LONG



6.—GUILLOCHE ORNAMENT RENDERED IN JEWELLED CLOISONNE. 7.—TWO SILVER SPOONS INSCRIBED WITH THE NAMES OF SAINTS (PAUL AND SAUL). 8—CONTROL STAMP OF EMPEROR ANASTASIUS I (A.D. 491—518)

their intricate designs of interlacing tendrils. The panels are executed in *cloisonné*, with inlaid garnets and mosaic in blue and white glass. The gay effect, and the general scheme, give at first the impression of textile rather than of goldsmith's work.

Of the purse (Fig. 3) which contained the forty gold coins, the frame, clasp and mounts are preserved, all in gold, jewelled with garnets and glass mosaic. One pair of mounts has for design a man facing, between two stylised lions. The subject has been called "Daniel in the Lions' Den," but of course it recurs frequently in early art, going back to remote Assyrian and Greek prototypes.

Fig. 6 is one of a series of strap mounts (for a sword-belt?) showing an extremely skilful rendering of guilloche pattern in *cloisonné*, set with garnets.

The gold objects as a whole are considered by the British Museum authorities, as I have said, to be the work of one school, and perhaps even of one man; and for certain technical reasons they infer the existence of an otherwise unknown Suffolk school of goldsmiths. It may be so, but it is certainly significant that most of the analogies suggested in the goldwork point to Scandinavia. The gold buckle, as Mr. Kendrick remarks, finds its closest analogy in the Vendel ship-grave in Sweden, and there are various other points of comparison with these ship-graves. The future may have surprises for us, but I venture to doubt whether the Sutton Hoo gold indicates as yet the "independent Golden Age of East Anglia."

The silver treasure is in a different category. Here is no question of local manufacture, or even of one period. The pieces appear to belong to various dates, and to have been accumulated from different countries, mostly of the Near East. The great silver charger, no less than 27ins. in diameter, which might comfortably have accommodated the head of John the Baptist,

is probably Byzantine of the fifth-sixth centuries. It has on the interior only geometric decoration of classical type, but on the underside are four Byzantine control-stamps, two of which bear the name of the Emperor Anastasius I (A.D. 491-518).

Below it was found a silver dish (Fig. 4) 15ins. in diameter, which has all the character of late Græco-Roman work. The charming band of Kymation ornament surrounding the central medallion is not unworthy of a good period, but it is of course difficult to determine the date or origin of specimens of Græco-Roman art in its decadent periods. The woman's head in the centre is in an almost pure Greek style, though lacking the refined grace of Attic art: it can hardly, however, be dismissed as "crude," nor does it suggest a deliberate reversion to an earlier style. The best parallel is that of the well known ivory "Symmachorum" diptych in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which dates probably from the middle of the fourth century. At this date the Empire was temporarily untroubled by barbarian invasion, and its production in art shows a decided reaction towards classical tradition. It may well be that the Sutton Hoo dish is Mediterranean work of the fourth century.

Beside the above, the treasure includes nine shallow silver dishes, all of which have a chased cruciform design which spreads over the interior. A similar design occurs on dishes in the Lampsams treasure in the British Museum, obviously Romano-Christian; and one of these bears Byzantine stamps.

The silver objects thus appear to cover dates extending at least from the fourth to the seventh centuries A.D., and geographically to range from Byzantium westward over Europe. Was any Saxon king likely to have been a connoisseur of such catholic tastes, and to have had the means of gratifying them? But, as Gibbon says of that period, "The habits of pilgrimage and piracy had approximated the countries of the earth."

PATROL RHYTHM

"To H.M.S. ——. Priority. Proceed to rescue of crew of s.s. *Midnight Sun*. Sunk in position ——."

THE ENGINES :

We drive her along. We drive her along
Through mounting sea and drifting snow
We make her go. We make her go.

THE CAPTAIN :

I am a king. And this ship is my realm.
Five hundred tons of steel and twenty lives.
Peril the air we breathe. Death in that very wave
Which sweeps aboard and whitens all with spray.
Yet have I but one fear which haunts my hours.
To fail through weakness and betray these men
Whose trust is mine.

THE LOOK-OUT :

Two hours since I climbed this swaying mast
And stiff with cold and blinded half by snow
Still do I keep my watch.
A bitter night to be adrift, poor souls.
"A pound to him who first sights drifting boat."
Yes. I will keep my watch without the gold.

THE FIREMEN :

Warmth—that indeed we do not ever lack.
But come down here, grip to this reeling floor
And feed that yawning mouth with coal—and coal.
Crawl bunkerwards and rake out coal—more coal.
Man's work—and fourteen knots this long hour past.

AND THE ENGINES AGAIN :

This is our song. We drive her along.
We make her go. We make her go.

G. C.

CORN-BUNTINGS AT HOME

THE corn-bunting is one of our most interesting small birds, with a character all its own. For sheer persistence few other birds can equal the singing of a cock corn-bunting; he rivals the booming bittern in the reeds or the croaking corncrake in the clover. Picture this bunting as, mounted on wire, weed, post, or twig, he sings to his heart's content (and your exasperation): with his long claws gripping the perch firmly, body held at an angle and facing the wind, and with tail slightly fanned, he suddenly throws up his head, opening his beak wide, so that even his thin tongue is visible as he utters the preliminary hesitant notes which precede the long-drawn-out jangling wheeze, which sounds so much like the noise made by a bunch of keys.

Hour after hour he sings, stopping only to accompany the hen bird as she goes on forays after food. So keen is the bunting to re-start his singing, that when he has escorted his spouse back to her nest he frequently starts the first few notes of his song in mid-air, while his dangling, trailing feet have yet to make contact with the perch to which he is flying. This habit of trailing the legs in the air is very characteristic of the corn-bunting, and, although it is done chiefly at the beginnings and endings of flights, if these

be short ones they are effected with the legs hanging down all the time.

The corn-bunting is one of the latest nesters among British birds, and the nest at which these photographs were taken was found on August 14th. It contained three well grown youngsters and one infertile egg, and it may have been a third brood.

The hen corn-bunting feeds her youngsters at intervals of only a few minutes, talking to them with harsh guttural notes, "Zweek, zweek, zweek," which remind one of the creaky notes of the Sandwich tern, except of course that the bunting's are not so loud. The day that I chose for photography was very hot, and one time when the hen bird was absent the little buntings tumbled out of the nest one at a time and sought the shade of the base of the bramble bush in which it was situated. When the parent bird returned to find the nest empty (except for the addled egg) her behaviour was

most interesting. She paused on the rim of the nest for a moment, then bent down over the cup of the nest, as she would to feed the young had they been there, and, talking "baby-talk" all the while, and bowing repeatedly, she offered her food to the empty nest! She was talking to, and offering food to, young which weren't there! After a minute or two she raised herself



THE HEN CORN-BUNTING AT THE NEST



"HE SUDDENLY THROWS UP HIS HEAD OPENING HIS BEAK WIDE"



SHE RETURNED TO FIND THE NEST EMPTY



THE COCK TRYING TO DRIVE THE HEN BACK TO THE NEST

and perched on the rim of the nest, staring down at it as much as to say: "Where have they all gone?" But it was not long before she was again standing over the cup of the nest, all the while holding the food in her beak, and talking and bowing, making frantic efforts to feed —nothing!

Suddenly one of the youngsters, which had probably been asleep since no sound had come from them, began to cheep, and the old bird hopped out of the nest and found it among the undergrowth in a matter of seconds. She soon flew off for another parcel of food, and upon her return she went again to the empty nest, staying until a cry from one of the youngsters attracted her down into the undergrowth.

This behaviour illustrates how little reason, as opposed to instinct, governs the lives of birds. For ever since the young had been hatched, on all of the scores of occasions on which she had arrived home with food, the bunting had instinctively bent down over the cup of the nest, and each time she had found a ready recipient for the food that she had brought. When she arrived home to see the nest empty, the fact that she went through the actions of feeding young, and, moreover, accompanied these actions vocally with "baby-talk," amply demonstrates how even such an act as feeding young is largely the product of mechanical instinct, rather than a reasoned desire on the part of the bird to feed her offspring. Otherwise, why should the bunting have tried to feed something that just wasn't there?

She did not take very long to find the remaining two youngsters, for they were now hungry and kept up a constant cheeping from the depths of the bramble. Nevertheless, the old bird could not quite forget the nest, for she repeatedly hopped up to it and examined it, calling "Zweek, zweek" all the while; this, mark you, after she had fed all three young in the undergrowth below only a minute previously.

The cock bird had been near the nest all along. While the



RISING IN FLIGHT



WITH TRAILING LEGS

hen had been attending to the young, he had remained on guard near the nest, singing away from the tops of the bushes with maddening persistence. But if danger in the shape of a dog or person came along, he quickly changed his tune, uttering a warning "Zit, zit, zit" to the hen, who immediately flew off to a safe distance with him, until the menace had passed. Then she would go off for more food, while he would return to

the vicinity of the nest. This, incidentally, is in contrast to the behaviour of a cock bunting when the nest contains eggs or small young, for under those conditions he invariably accompanies her to the feeding-place. Sometimes the young were fed by the cock bird on small moths which had been caught close at hand.

On one of the rare occasions when both the parent birds were away together in the near-by wheatfield I decided to come out of the hide and place the youngsters back in the nest, but just as I was re-entering the hide the hen bird arrived back, followed a moment later by the cock bird. She had seen me, but he had not. Consequently, whereas he flew boldly up to a thorn-bush near the hide and began his singing, she kept at a distance. After some fifteen minutes the cock bird evidently decided that it was high time the young were fed again, and he flew at the hen, chasing her round and round the hide. Ultimately they both alighted on the thorn-bush, but the hen would still not go to the nest. Suddenly the cock lost his patience and, bending down towards his mate, who was perched just underneath him, he opened his beak and hissed loudly at her. This was repeated three times, and each time I secured a photograph of this domestic incident with my reflex camera. The scolding had the desired effect, for the hen flew down and fed the young with the food that she had carried in her beak all the time. Subsequent visits to the nest were made without hesitation. How fortunate it is for bird-photographers that birds have such short memories!

C. ERIC PALMAR.

THE DREAM WITHIN

IT was my first day home on leave and, in pale January sunshine, my small son and I were building a castle on the wide strand. The sea, half a mile out, brimmed over the horizon, and behind us loomed in sunlit mist the mountain. So flat were the sands and so fast the tide that we determined to add a causeway for retreat from our castle to the sea wall. Frost overnight had crusted the sand and it was like cutting iced, honey-coloured cake, crisply powdered and fringed with brown-sugar shingle and wreathed with glinting sand furrows. It was while trenching the causeway that I remembered that sand cake used to be my favourite, the sort I always chose for my birthday cake.

The sea advanced, tinkling like a summer sea, and swilled with gentle bubbling waves the sandy floor. I drew with my spade three lines, each a foot from the other, and we watched the tide cross them. It took two minutes from the first to the third line, which would give us, I reckoned by pacing, a quarter of an hour before it reached the castle. So we stalked seagulls and drew pictures and chased our shadows on the pale narrowing strip between translucent sea and velvet mountain.

"It's wetted us!" cried the child suddenly, turning round. We raced back, jumped the moat and stood on the top watching the sea hiss round us and lick with hungry tongues both sides of our causeway, momentarily safe and kings of the castle for an immortal fragment of time.

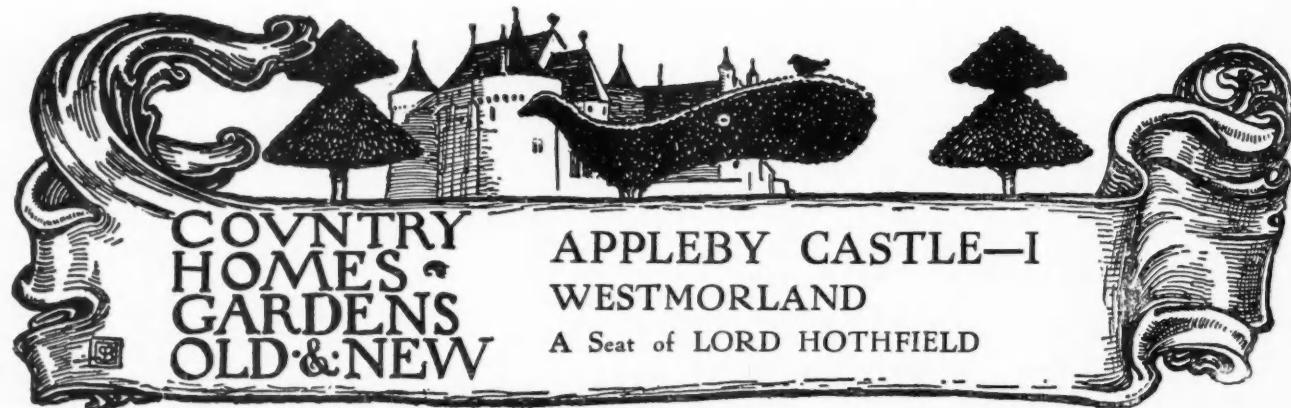
Later that morning, after we had made a successful withdrawal and the child had been put to rest, my wife and I set off in the car to tour the mountains on our limited petrol ration. Ten miles down the coast the masts of sailing-ships among cottage chimneys drew us down to a granite harbour, so strongly built it seemed the enduring embodiment of stone. It was a great day for the village, for a tiny cargo steamer, not much bigger than the fishing boats moored beside her, was about to sail, and a small crowd lined the cobbled quay.

The captain up on the bridge, smoking a cigarette, spun the wheel and, with a few tinkles to the engine-room, warped his ship out through the miniature harbour mouth and headed her for the open sea. She passed behind the network of masts and rigging and the two men coiling ropes in the bows swung up and down as she lifted to the swell. No word was spoken, no watcher waved, nor did the captain ever look back. Her sailing was swift and silent like a dream, of that same stuff that William Morris wove into his mediæval dreams. As in our sand castle, so here was immortality shrouded in mortality.

We drove on and started home after lunch by the mountain road. Behind us the sun hung copper over the lough, but in our valley only the hilltops caught its light. A cromlech crouching in a field, with a path leading past it up the hill, made us stop. In the same field was an old man digging with a narrow-bladed turf spade. Too poor to afford horse and plough, he had dug half the field, turning grazing into arable land for his £2 an acre. Waddling after him, step for step, was a black and white duck which gobbled the upturned dainties. We leant on the gate and watched them. But he never looked up, absorbed like his duck in the turning of the peat-brown earth that had bred him, and belonging, as we never could, to this silent hill-walled valley and the lovely, fickle Irish sky that glowed over his bent head.

Sands and sea and earth, ever-changing and changeless, shifting but fundamentally stable, seemed a pattern in large of man's life in small, outliving from generation to generation his restlessness and Lilliputian wars. We hurried up the rough lane, eager to catch the last rays and salute the sunset. No more saluting my superiors and being saluted by my so-called inferiors for seven whole days. That routine belonged to a world I could forget—an ephemeral, muddled, man-made world, far removed from this other world of tides and ships and tillage.

G. R. S.



The castle of the Viponts, Cliffords and Tuftons that with its Norman keep dominates the county town of Westmorland has been continuously occupied since the twelfth century.

BETWEEN the wild Pennine fells and the Cumbrian mountains the rich pastures of Westmorland spread themselves over a lowland country to which might almost be applied the name of the river that waters it—Eden. The traveller coming from Teesdale by way of Bowes and Stainmore has the sensation even to-day of entering a promised land when the Roman road at last leaves the bleak moors and plunges down into Brough to follow the green valley on to Appleby. This is the immemorial route which armies tramped in the past, so that in times when Westmorland was a debatable land, not yet fully under English control, the importance

of the three castles on the road to Carlisle—Brough, Appleby and Brougham—hardly needs emphasising. Of this trinity of strongholds, so long in the possession of one family, Brough and Brougham are both ruins, but Appleby Castle remains both inhabited and with its keep intact, still dominating the little town which, almost ringed round by the Eden, had the fortress to guard its only undefended side. Though less majestic, the site reminds one in some ways of Durham, with the castle on the neck of the peninsula and the river below it rushing over the weir between wooded banks (Figs. 6 and 7). The town itself, however, is not built on a rock but lies low at the foot of the Castle hill,

and its long wide street, the Boroughgate, with the church at its northern and the Castle at its southern end, proclaims a centuries-old dependence on its lords. A more vivid illustration of the feudal relationship between burgess and baron it would be difficult to find, particularly as the Castle to-day is still occupied by a lineal descendant of the Norman Robert de Vipont, to whom it was granted by King John seven hundred and thirty-seven years ago. Vipont, Clifford, Tufton—in these three families Appleby has continued since early Plantagenet times, with only one short break during the Wars of the Roses.

For the last two and a half centuries the Tuftons have held the Castle, but it is their predecessors, the warrior race of Clifford, and particularly the last of them, the redoubtable Lady Anne, whose personalities are scored most deeply in the annals of Westmorland. The story of the remarkable woman who prolonged the age of feudalism into the days of Charles II, who reigned like a queen on her northern estates and re-built her castles in defiance of Cromwell, will be told at a later stage. For the moment it is enough to say that but for her and her passion for preserving and consolidating her vast possessions, it is most unlikely that the Castle would still be inhabited, or its keep roofed and perfect. With an historical sense extremely rare in her day, she set herself the task of restoring all her ancestral castles and houses, meticulously dating and recording all she did; she also had compiled a wonderfully



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1.—CÆSAR'S TOWER. THE NORMAN KEEP, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

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2.—LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE KEEP OVER HOUSE AND BAILEY AWAY TO THE FELLS



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"Country Life"

3.—THE KEEP RISING ABOVE THE WEST END OF THE CURTAIN WALL



4.—MEDIEVAL MASONRY IN THE OUTER NORTH WALL OF THE HOUSE

complete and accurate history of her family to which even the antiquaries of to-day have been able to add little. Although much of the work on which she spent so much time and money was undone within a generation of her death, Appleby, her favourite castle, has at least been spared, and the keep, which she restored, during the Commonwealth of all unlikely times, is almost exactly as she left it.

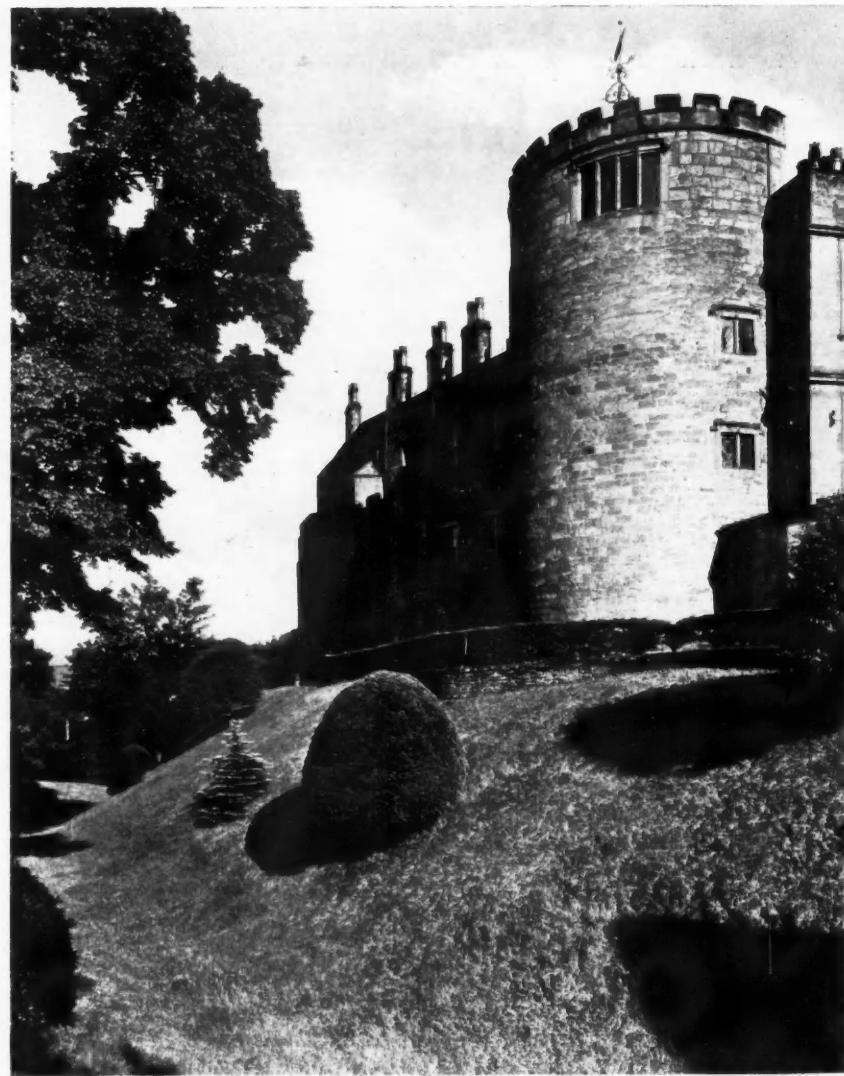
As the keep is older even than the Vipont-Clifford tenure, we must retrace our steps. Westmorland did not attain its present boundaries until late in the twelfth century, and in the first place the name Westmorland—"the land of the people dwelling west of the moors"—was applied only to the upper Eden valley. This fertile tract had belonged now to Northumbria, now to the Celtic kings of Strathclyde; it finds no place in the Domesday Survey, as does the Kendal region, which formed part of Amounderness; and even after William II's northern expedition of 1092, when he captured Carlisle from Dolfin, the vassal of King Malcolm, northern Westmorland as part of the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde continued to be claimed by Scotland. To Scotland it reverted during the anarchy of Stephen's reign, and it was not till 1157 that it was finally annexed by the English Crown. Meanwhile, however, upper Westmorland—what was to become the honour of Appleby—had been given by Rufus to his *dapifer*, Ivo de Taillebois. After his death it passed to Ranulf de Briquessart, or Ranulf Meschin, the lord of Carlisle. Between 1100 and 1120, when he succeeded to the earldom of Chester, Ranulf was in command both of Cumberland and the upper Eden valley, and to defend the latter built the strongholds of Appleby and Brough. The earliest mention of Appleby Castle is in a charter of Wetheral Priory which Ranulf founded. Then there is silence until 1174, when William the Lion invaded the northern counties and took by surprise both Appleby and Brough. The chronicler, Jordan Fantosme, describing the siege, expressly mentions both the Castle and the keep ("le Chastel e la tur") as falling to the Scot. But William's success was short-lived; he was taken prisoner at Alnwick and despatched to London; and Henry II's displeasure fell heavily on the Constable, Gospatrick, son of Orm, who was fined 500 marks for his negligence in allowing Appleby to be taken. During the latter part of the twelfth century Westmorland

came to assume its present dimensions as a single administrative unit, the sheriff accounting for the barony of Kendal as well as that of Appleby. Under Richard I Appleby was held directly by the Crown, and the Pipe Rolls of 1198 to 1201 contain entries of repairs to the Castle. That was just before the grant made to Robert de Vipont, who in 1202 received during the King's pleasure, and in the following year in perpetuity to him and his heirs, the barony or honour of Appleby and, with it, the castles of Appleby and Brough.

Different dates have been assigned to the keep, some writers attributing its construction to Ranulf, others to the period following the capture of the Castle by William the Lion. In the Royal Commission's volume on Westmorland a date about 1170 is favoured. The Norman details, however, are all too plain to make a definite decision possible, though they suggest an early rather than a late date. The immense earthworks were probably the result of successive improvements of the defences, and enclose the plateau on all sides but the east, where the ground drops precipitously to the river. The inner circuit consists of a deep ditch and rampart, on which is built the curtain wall, enclosing a bailey roughly rectangular in shape and lying east and west

(Fig. 2). The western end, which is rounded, provides the platform for the keep (Fig. 3), and there are outer banks, which at the north-west end enclose a lower bailey where now stand Lady Anne's stables. The approach to the Castle, from the south end of the Boroughgate, winds up the hill, entering the bailey in the centre of the north side, but of the gate-house only a block of masonry remains on the west side of the entry.

The dimensions of the keep (44½ ft. square) are small compared with those of Brough, but almost exactly the same as



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5.—THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ROUND TOWER

in the keep of Brougham. It has unusually thin walls, admitting only of window recesses instead of wall chambers, although there are garderobes in the north-east angle at the second and third stages. The shallow buttresses at the angles are carried up as turrets, two of which, the south-east and south-west, contain staircases. Neither of the doorways on the east side appear to be original in their present form (Fig. 1). The entrance was probably at first-floor level, and perhaps approached by a timber staircase. The second and third stages are both lighted by pairs of square-headed windows, set back under round-headed arches, though some of them have been blocked. In the fourth stage internal weatherings indicate the height of the original roof before it was raised late in the twelfth century. A further heightening took place in the following century when the existing battlements and turrets were added, the newels of the two staircases ending in shafts with moulded capitals. The line of the earlier crenellations is still clearly visible some ten courses below the existing ones. The tops of the turrets have been extensively repaired, and are now crowned with little lanterns and pretty weather-vanes, dated 1784.

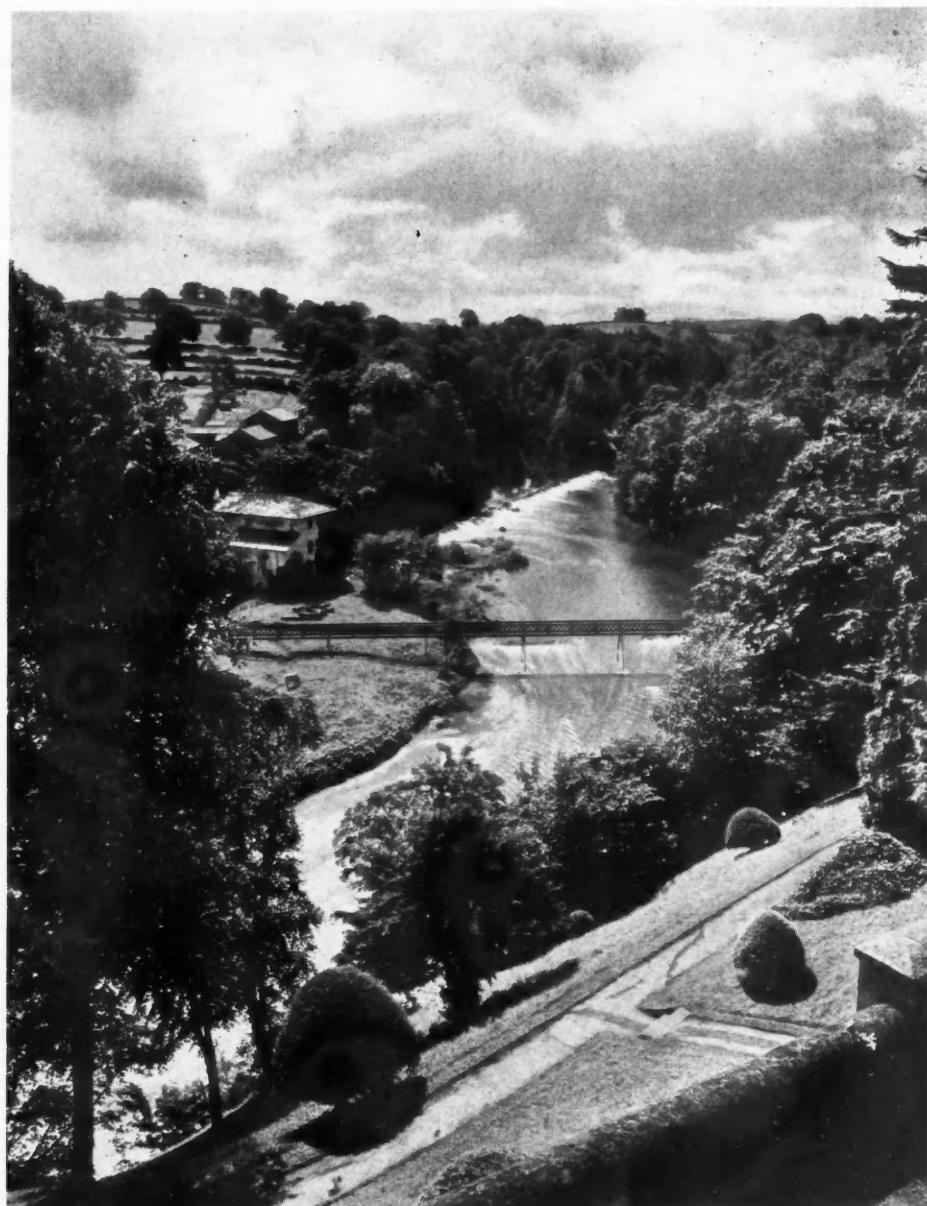
One of the first tasks which Lady Anne set herself on succeeding to her estates was to restore the keep—or Caesar's Tower, as she called it—by building a great cross wall the full height of the building, inserting new floors and providing a new roof. "It had lain open and uncovered," she records, "as a ruinous place, ever since the yeare of the Lord one thousand ffeve hundred Sixtie and Nine." Her restoration was carried out between 1651 and 1653, and there was formerly an inscription on a metal plate commemorating the fact. The massive fireplaces and a number of panelled doors are of her time.

Besides the keep the other surviving Norman work is to be found in parts of the curtain wall, particularly at the north-west end (on the left of Fig. 3), and along sections of the south side. The domestic buildings of the Castle have always occupied the east end of the bailey (Fig. 2), and although the present house dates chiefly from 1695, when it was largely rebuilt by Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet, most of its outer wall is mediæval and incorporates a late Norman doorway, with portcullis groove, that served as a postern on the east side overlooking the river. This east end contains work of many dates, some of it attributable to the Viponts and the mediæval Cliffords, to whom we must now return.

Robert de Vipont, or Veteriponte, came of a family taking its name from Vieuxpont in Normandy. He had made himself useful to King John as a good business man, and, adhering to him throughout his reign, was rewarded not only with the barony of Appleby but with numerous other grants of castles and sheriffwicks. He was succeeded by a son and a grandson, but the latter's death, from wounds received at the Battle of Evesham, left his lands to be divided between his two daughters, who were still children. Idonea, the younger, was made a ward of Roger de Leybourne, and until her death, in 1334, the barony was partitioned between her and her elder sister, Isabella. The wardship of Isabella was granted to Roger de Clifford of Clifford Castle in Herefordshire, who married her to his eldest son. So the Cliffords inherited Brougham and Appleby, though it was not until Idonea's death that the other moiety of the barony

came to them. Isabella's husband died young—he was drowned in crossing the Menai Straits during the Welsh wars—and it was their son, Robert, who first established the Clifford name in the north. He was summoned to Parliament by Edward I in 1299, and it is from this year that the creation of the Clifford barony by writ is held to date. One of the great soldiers of the age, he took a leading part in the war with Scotland under Edward I and Edward II, and was rewarded for his services with numerous grants, including Skipton Castle, which henceforth became a Clifford possession. To Skipton he gave its seven round towers, and he also enlarged and strengthened Brougham.

Between 1300 and 1461, when the barony was forfeited and they temporarily lost their lands, nine Cliffords were lords of



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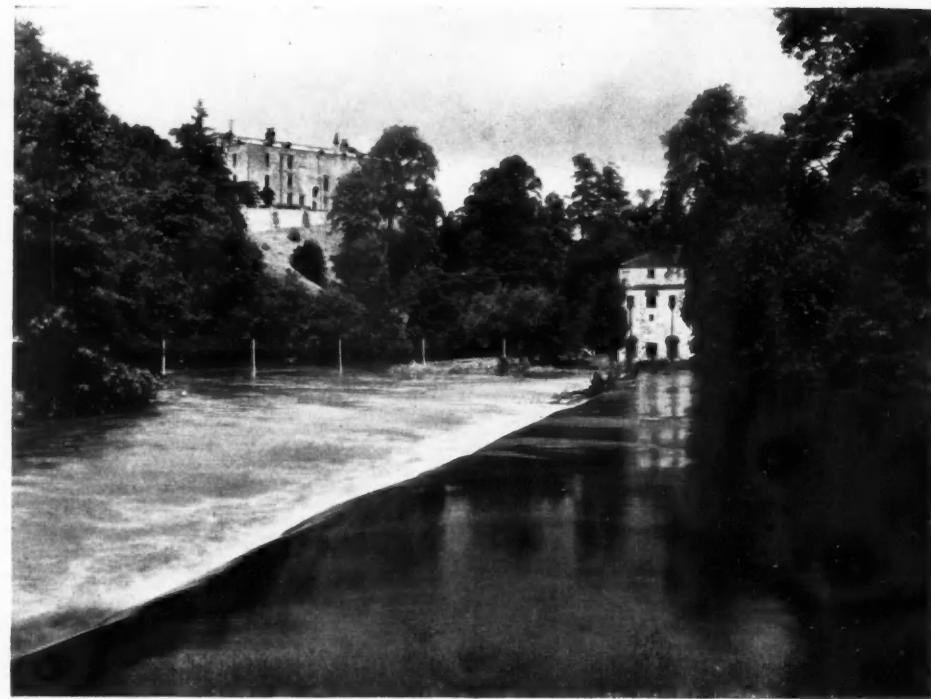
6.—FROM THE EAST TERRACE. THE STEEP DROP TO THE EDEN

Appleby. Their careers were usually short and their ends violent. They fought for their sovereigns, or else rebelled against them; only one—the fifth baron—reached the age of fifty; the rest all died or were killed in youth or early middle age. Robert, the first baron, lost his life at Bannockburn; his son was executed after the rebellion which ended in the defeat of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, at Boroughbridge. The fourth baron died in France, the sixth while fighting in Germany; John, the seventh baron, was killed at the siege of Meaux, and his son on the Lancastrian side at the first Battle of St. Albans. The ninth baron's title to fame is as "the bloody Clifford" of Shakespeare's "Henry VI," who is said to have murdered in cold blood the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, after the Battle of Wakefield. Lady Anne, in the history she had compiled of her family, was at pains to refute the story,

which Shakespeare took from Hall and Holinshed, insisting that the Earl of Rutland was not twelve but actually seventeen at the time, and that Clifford, who himself was not more than twenty-five, slew him in open battle. The whirligig of time, however, was not long in bringing in its revenge. Clifford was killed a few months later by a chance arrow at Ferrybridge, on the eve of Towton.

As a result of the Yorkist victory Clifford was posthumously attainted, his estates were confiscated, and Appleby was conferred on Richard, Duke of Gloucester. By this time the Castle had undergone great developments. In the thirteenth century, either under one of the Viponts or the first Lord Clifford, several round towers had been added to the curtain, one of which remains as part of the outer wall of the north wing of the house (Fig. 5). It is crowned by another weathervane, dated 1779, to which time the present battlements probably belong as well. In the fourteenth century Appleby was twice besieged by the Scots—in 1314, when they burnt the town, and again in 1388. On the second occasion the Castle had only recently undergone repairs. About 1422, according to Lady Anne, John, seventh Lord Clifford, built "a strong and fine artificial gate-house, all arched with stone, and decorated with the arms of the Veteriponts, Clifffords and Percys." As mentioned above, this has disappeared. John's successor, Thomas, the baron who was killed at St. Albans, re-built the greater part of the east end of the Castle, including the hall, chapel and great chamber, but of this reconstruction not much more than the outer walls remain, including the section of the north wall seen on the left of Fig. 4 between the angle buttress and the vertical break in the masonry. The chapel, the actual site of which even has not been established, contained in Lady Anne's time a fine armorial window with an inscription recording that Thomas, Lord Clifford had built it in 1454. Of this baron, who fought both on the Border and in France, it is topical to recall that he was in command of the body of men who surprised the town of Pontoise by wrapping themselves, like the Finns, in white cloaks to camouflage their advance over the snow.

With the forfeiture of the Clifford estates we come to the romantic story of the Shepherd Lord, which inspired Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." As the boy's life was being sought by the Yorkists, his mother decided to bring him up as a shepherd on one of her Yorkshire farms at



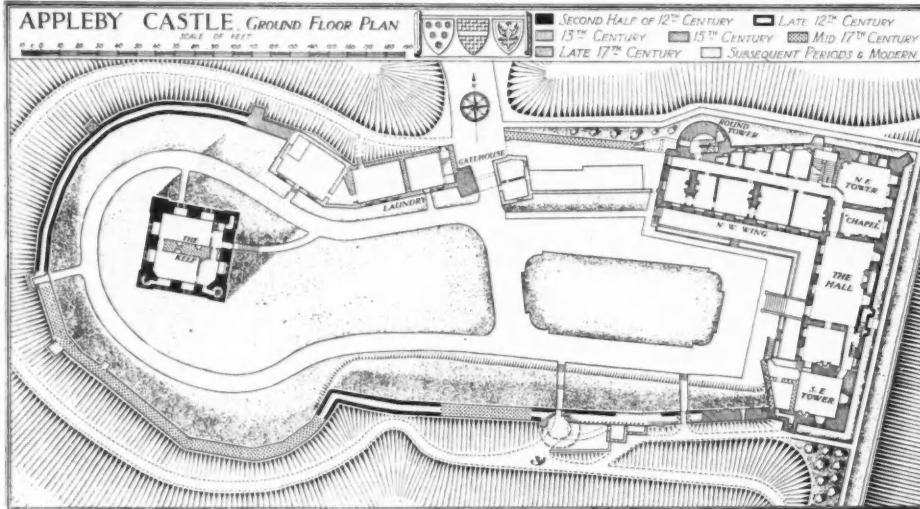
7.—"SHE THAT KEEPETH WATCH AND WARD
HER STATELIER EDEN'S COURSE TO GUARD"

Londesborough, and when she married again he was transferred to Cumberland, and lived on the estate of his stepfather, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld. There among the fells, learning only from

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

he was kept for a long time in ignorance of his true parentage, and to the end of his life he could not even write his name, signing documents with a simple C. Twenty-four years passed between his father's attainder and Henry VII's accession, when his estates were restored to him. "A plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom to Court or to London," he took great delight, as Lady Anne tells us, "in Astronomy and the contemplation of the Course of the stars, which it is likely he was seasoned in during the course of his shepherd's life." But he would hardly have been a Clifford if he had not been a soldier at some time in his career. He fought at Flodden, where he carried off some pieces of James IV's much-prized artillery, "the seven sisters," to grace the castle of Skipton. The old Clifford fire broke out again in his son of "ungodly and ungodly disposition," as his father once complained of him; but he kept on good terms with Henry VIII, indeed was created Earl of Cumberland by him and given the Garter, and he died neither on a battlefield nor a scaffold, but in his bed. In his time Appleby, owing to years of Border warfare, followed by long neglect, was in a state of decay. Leland describes the town as "now but a poore village having a ruinus Castel wherein the prisoners be kept." The second Earl, "studious in all manner of learning and much given to alchemy," married Lady Eleanor Brandon, a granddaughter of Henry VII. He dwelt chiefly at Barden Tower, near Bolton Abbey. Shortly before his death he was involved, though without fatally compromising himself, in the Rising of the North of 1569, as a result of which Appleby Castle was stripped of its roofs and the keep remained uncovered until Lady Anne restored it. His second wife was a Dacre of Gilsland, and the result of this union was the seafaring Earl of Cumberland, father of Lady Anne. Their story will be told next week.

A. S. O.



8.—PLAN OF THE CASTLE

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THOU SHALT NOT MUZZLE THE OX . . . , BY WILLIAM GAVIN

I WANT to tell you about an important book: I want to recommend you to read it; I want to ask you to buy it. Yet I must begin by expressing irritation with the publishers. The book is called *BROTHER TO THE OX* (Dent, 10s. 6d.).

It is the autobiography of a farm labourer, Fred Kitchen; not an amateur seeker of novel experience for a few weeks, but a working cowman who began life on the farm as a substitute boy at seven and sixpence per week, proud to get a regular job and working eleven hours a day.

What can such a title mean? Does it mean that the writer is a tower of physical strength, or that a farm labourer is treated no better than an animal? Not until page 173 do we reach the answer:

So the sale day came. It was the latter end of February, and my first experience of a farm sale. We had a busy time the week before, setting out the farm implements in the croft. Ploughs, harrows, drags, carts, all set out in rows; turnip-choppers, cake-breakers, and all the implements for land or buildings. We thought it great fun, and yet, when sale-day came, a note of sadness crept over everything.

You see, a farm-sale is not like any other business, with just inanimate objects to dispose of. . . . I suppose it's sentimental to worry over the fate of a few farm animals, but when you've fed them all winter they become as one of you, and it's no degradation to be brother to the ox, for no man or beast can live without the support of the other.

So now you are let into the secret of the title. It means that the author loved his farm-stock as brothers. You need not, like me, fear as you turn the pages that sooner or later you will come either to a fierce affray with a bull, or to a fierce denunciation of the social conditions of farm workers. It is the author's life, more powerful than any words he could use, that sounds the chords of friendship and sympathy with the farm labourer that lie, I think, deep in the hearts of all who really love the land—yea, and of shame that the land has not yielded as it should a more just and generous reward to those who so faithfully serve it with their life's toil and skill.

Moreover, the word "ox" is not one that is in general farming use. Years ago a plea for the farm labourer was based upon the Biblical injunction, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." If the word was desired, how much better to have based the title on Lord Ernle's brilliant allegory.

I have other quarrels with the publishers. They have produced a somewhat fanciful photograph, and used a fanciful type. They have also included a foreword by the Duke of Portland. In this otherwise gracious recommendation he refers to the book as "witty" and the style as "both quaint and realistic." Here again such words are misleading. Thank goodness the book reveals no striving after effect—no effort to reach either the brilliant or the unusual. How much better the Duke's later paragraph, which gives in sixteen words a perfect summary and review: "There is real value," he says, "in this honest and manly record of a humble but productive life."

He is right. This is why I began by calling it an important book—a book that should be read. And this is why I have expressed some irritation with the publishers for belittling their own production. (I hope, by the way, that I am laying the blame of these minor shortcomings on the right shoulders: the author reveals too much of his character to lay them on his.)

And now for the book itself—a manly record of a humble but productive life—so far as I know, the first self-written record of a life that is typical of thousands who are the very life-blood of our agriculture—who have lived and loved and died near to Nature and true to Nature—serving with understanding and devotion the soil and the animals in their charge—struggling with poverty, poor housing and long hours of labour, yet loyal to their tasks and wonderfully loyal to their masters, realising and sharing with them, in a way no townsman agitator can fathom, the hard lot from which a depressed industry has hitherto been unable to free them.

They have seen high wages and better social conditions in other walks of life. Who can blame those who have left the land to seek them? Surely no task of statesmanship is more important

than to ensure that the country emerges from the present crisis with better conditions for all those who live by our land—"that the ox is not muzzled when he treadeth out the corn."

Mr. Kitchen is described on the wrapper as "that rare thing, a natural writer." He is more than this. In his spare time he has attended literature classes and has achieved that simplicity and directness that study and practice alone can give, and which is a pleasure to read. My only criticism is a personal one—a wish that he had omitted his last three chapters. Up to the time of the sad loss of his first wife he gives us of himself—of his hopes and fears, his castles and schemes. He writes from memory of the influence of events on his own being. His bereavement, as he says, left him for a time with the meaning gone out of his world.

Bravely he takes up the tale again, as he took up his life, after five empty years. This time he writes from a diary, and so tells of events rather than feelings, and the document becomes perhaps a little less human. A full measure of praise, however, must go to the unselfishness of "our Lizzie," his present wife, who encouraged him to unleash the past and inspired this literary success.

RIVER OF DESTINY

Few rivers can have had such widespread power and influence over peoples and events as the Danube. "No river in the world," writes John Lehman in *DOWN RIVER* (Cresset Press, 12s. 6d.), "passes through a more complex patchwork of races, forms of government and levels of culture than this river . . . between Ulm, where it first begins to be navigable, and Sulina, where the last dykes reach out into the Black Sea." In spite of the size and complexity of the subject, so well chosen and concise is his style, the author manages to give a clear and comprehensive survey, not only of the Danube and its problems, but of the history of Austria from 1918 to 1938. But it is a pity, in such a generally sound, reasoned, and sincere work, that the author should weaken some of his conclusions by easily demonstrable errors regarding Russia's foreign policy and internal achievements. There is no such thing as full cultural autonomy in the Ukraine, or in any of the associated Soviet republics—that policy was abandoned years ago in favour of centralised imperialism; the recent actions of Russia hardly show her as having been at any time a loyal co-operator with the League. These points, among others, are worth mentioning because they seem to come into line with the fact that Pan-Slavism is not a dominating force in South-east Europe to-day. I may also add that the political issue in Austria was not such a clear-cut one between a brutal reactionary clericalism and gentle, benevolent social-democracy, as the author makes out. However, although such points as these demand a cautious approach to this book, *DOWN RIVER* is certainly a fine achievement, enhanced by beautiful photographs, and a useful contribution to the study of a most vital problem. And the more we know about it the better, now that the essentially international status of the Danube is being endangered by the eastward surge of German ambition. However, despite the gloomy portents, it seems certain that the greatest river in Christendom, which saw the defeat of the menace from the East, will in its own time assert its power over men and events, and see the break-up of the even greater dangers from the west and north. C. E. G. H.

FROM PEACE TO WAR

At the beginning of 1939, in *OF NO IMPORTANCE* (Nelson and Watson, 10s. 6d.), Mr. Rom Landau began to keep a diary about his delightful old Sussex manor house, his garden, neighbours, dogs and, above all, his thoughts. Before the year ended he, a Pole by birth, had given up all but the thoughts, and was in the fighting forces of the country that for a dozen years he has regarded as home: England. The book is a moving record of the sort of transition through which we have all passed in this last year, the transition from a world in which the small, quiet, gentle, beautiful things of life mattered, to one in which they will never matter again unless first we fight for them. Mr. Landau presents us with novel angles on things because he is a cosmopolitan as well as a lover of England. There is the German Navy, for instance, about which he has things to say that English people need to hear and understand. He also accuses many Englishmen, and even more English-women, of an attitude, right up to the edge of the war, denoting "ignorance and sentimentality" about Nazi Germany, and he proves his case. As might be expected, he is most penetrating on the subject that interests him most, varieties of religious experience. But only in one particular does he really fall short of his usual insight, and that is the subject of evacuees, which he treats with surprising shallowness and lack of imagination. V. H. F.



MR. FRED KITCHEN, AUTHOR OF "BROTHER TO THE OX"

MODERN ANGLE

We gather that Mr. George Orwell is still in his thirties: that is to say, he is excellently situated for a survey of past, present and future in this time of the breaking of nations. Excellently, too, he writes. *INSIDE THE WHALE* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.) consists of three long essays: on Dickens, on boys' periodicals and on the prospects of literature. In all of them Mr. Orwell has something individual and modern to say. He has a gift for brilliant simplification. Dickens, for instance, he sums up with: "Rotten architecture, but wonderful gargoyles." Not that he runs down Dickens; he knows, likes and admires him; but he takes him to pieces with such rare skill that we see him afresh. "Boys' Weeklies" does not sound a promising subject; Mr. Orwell makes it absorbingly interesting and significant. The third article is provocative; in that one alone we feel that the magnet of modern events has rather deflected the author's judgment. For sooner or later Totalitarianism will die. On the other hand, literature, being of the spirit of man, can never be killed. But Mr. Orwell fights shy of the spirit of man; he calls it liberalism and says it is as good as dead already.

V. H. F.

IN PRE-WAR GERMANY

The picture given in *SACRIFICE TO MARS* (Hutchinson, 8s. 3d.) by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve, a new novelist, of life in Germany under its present rulers is one that determined pessimists may declare to be coloured by "wishful thinking." It would perhaps be fairer to point out that the author, though she introduces us to many different people and shows us their many different shades of opinion, is really only concerned with two social circles, the highest and the middle classes, and does not pretend to be a guide as to the proportion of confirmed Hitlerites in that country. In both of these classes we meet people who are or come to be against the new regime and people who wholeheartedly support it: in both there are some who support it consciously *faute de mieux*. The story is chiefly concerned with the actions and reactions of the many characters to Hitlerism as their circumstances alter and bewilderment or self-interest or fear move them. It is extremely well done and bears the stamp of truth, and, moreover, the characters live, and even Max, the most aggressive Nazi of them all, because he suffered badly in the last war becomes something more understandable than just a monster.

FIVEFOLD DESTINY

A good idea is not really half the battle, as many writers of first novels suppose; it is only about a hundredth part of it. In *I WAS ELEANOR SUMMERS* (Longmans, 8s. 3d.), Miss Sarah Drew has had the original idea of following a girl down five different pathways in life, any one of which she might have chosen: marriage and motherhood, comfortably in England or uncomfortably on a remote South African farm; the medical profession, free love with a genius, or stultified daughter-at-home existence with an ultimate flight into a convent. The difficulties inherent in the idea are, however, insuperable; all the five parts of this novel are good in themselves, but they simply will not mix; not even a clever ending can make them mix. Miss Drew has a sense of words and of character; next time, if she will be less ambitious, she should be far more successful. V. H. F.

BOOKS EXPECTED

Yet one more book dealing with the adjustments of society that will be necessary if we are not, though we win victory, to lose peace, will probably be in the booksellers' windows when this appears—*MAN AND SOCIETY IN AN AGE OF RECONSTRUCTION*, by Professor Karl Mannheim, to be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul.

THE MACHINERY OF JUSTICE IN ENGLAND (Cambridge University Press), by Dr. R. M. Jackson, Solicitor of the Supreme Court and lecturer in Law at Cambridge, is, in spite of its title, a work for others than lawyers, and valuable at a time when the establishment of law and order is being sought at such desperate cost.

During May we may hope to see a full-dress *LIFE OF LORD HALIFAX* by Mr. Alan Campbell Johnson, whose biography of Mr. Anthony Eden was such a success, particularly in America. Messrs. Robert Hale are the publishers concerned. *ROUSSEAU AND BURKE* (Oxford University Press), by Miss Marion Osborn, is to appear in the same month. Much sooner than that, we may hope, will Dame Una Pope Hennessy's biography of Agnes Strickland be coming from Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

THE ORIENTATION OF ANIMALS (Oxford University Press), by G. S. Fraenkel and D. L. Gunn, to be published in May, will prove valuable to all seriously concerned with the behaviour of animals. Vol. IV of *THE HANDBOOK TO BRITISH BIRDS* (Messrs. Witherby), edited by Mr. H. F. Witherby, the last but one of this important publication, appears this spring.

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

GOLF FROM THE TRAIN

A FRIEND of mine wrote the other day to tell me about a friend of his who had invented for himself a new kind of golf for war-time. What with the weather (this was some time ago) he could not play real golf, and what with the lack of petrol he had to make all his journeys by train. Thereupon, being clearly a gentleman with a lively imagination, he took to golf from a train window. The game came to him on a journey from Waterloo to Southampton, and that is one admirably adapted to the purpose. Of all the exciting moments that I recall from a first journey home on leave after nearly two years in Macedonia, none was more blissful than that of looking out of the train from Southampton to see if West Hill and Woking were still there. However, I am meandering; this gentleman was going the opposite way, and his first inspiration came when, I think at Raynes Park, he observed the establishment of Messrs. Carter and its model putting green. He fixed in his mind's eye a particular putt on it, and was still pondering on how to hole it when there flashed into sight the old course on Esher Common, on which people used (do they still? I wonder) to play in red coats. His imagination now really awoke, and a minute or two later he found himself, as I am told, "holing out a full drive across the Sandown Park racecourse right into the grand stand." Next came West Byfleet, which he reached by a recovering shot off the motor track at Brooklands, and then, with one gigantic loft over fir trees, he was pitching on the third green at Woking, whence he played a comparatively short hole on to West Hill. No doubt he had another hole at Bramshot, but I will follow him no farther: the nature of his singular and poetical pastime has been sufficiently indicated.

There are other lines which would be at least equally well adapted to this game. There is that, for instance, from Liverpool to Southport, with miles of fine golfing country—West Lancashire, Formby, Ainsdale, and I think I have left out at least one course. Glasgow to Prestwick is another journey, with Barassie, Bogside, Gailes, and all the various Troon courses. In short, just as children can always be amused by the game of each saying what he or she would best like for a birthday tea or dinner, so grown-up children can play this game on the journey they love best. For my part, I should like to play it in my train from Paddington to Aberdovey, but this journey is miserably poor in courses. I get a glimpse of Denham, in particular of a pretty little woodland short hole, and of Beaconsfield, and after that there is not so much as the suggestion of another course. Nor is the journey by road much richer. Charming Huntercombe comes early, and just a hole or so of the Southfields course at Oxford by the Cowley Barracks, which leaves me rather cold, and then all the rest of the way there is every kind of heavenly view but never so much as a

single waving red flag. I must confess that I should like to see one, for the rather sordid reason that it would increase my satisfaction in thinking that I was going to a much better course.

I have never really played my friend's friend's game, lacking perhaps the imagination, but I have all my life played one of my own out of the train window. It demands nothing but ordinary fields such as any journey affords. In those fields, as the train flits by, there is often just time to lay out a hole. There is generally a hedge in it, and to-day we have come to despise hedges as golfing hazards, but I was to some extent brought up to them and so retain a sneaking affection for them, remembering with particular fondness a hole on the old course at Eton, whereat we drove over two hedges and then pitched over a third. My railway hole has, as a rule, a tee shot running parallel with a hedge and then ends with a deft little pitch over it; but sometimes it is a one-shotter with a hole cut in an angle made by two hedges. These are the holes which I lay out when passing through the flat, placid Midland country, but when the border is crossed and I get into Wales they become far more exciting, having often a tee shot from a high place over tree-tops and a little foaming mountain stream to guard the green. A piece of wild, heathery country is, of course, a godsend, and when my train went from Euston I always looked out for Cannock Chase, but now that it goes from Paddington I am bereft.

Actual golf seen from a train is the most tantalising of games, for the shot has either just been played or is just about to be played; we never see it. It is not, perhaps, quite so bad from this point of view as cricket. I have travelled for hours in a slow train on a drowsy, sunshiny Saturday afternoon and seen many cricket matches in progress and yet never a stroke played. The bowler is going to bowl, with the batsman standing ready for the onslaught, but he always takes too long a run and I am whirled out of sight. More common still and quite as exasperating is the sight of the batsman retiring, the umpire replacing the bails, and the fielders reclining happily on the grass. A wicket has always just fallen, and if only our train had gone a little quicker I should have seen it crash. So the golfer is always studying his putt and never playing it; he is wagging eternally and never hitting the ball. Very often he waits, waits deliberately, till our train has passed, lest it should put him off his ridiculous stroke, which is both fussy and selfish of him. How often during a meeting at St. Andrews has one seen a train crawling slowly past the fifteenth or sixteenth greens, with the passengers crowding at every window hoping to see some crucial shot. They are nearly always, I fear, disappointed. The player always insists on waiting till the train is past. Indeed, now I come to think of it, I have so waited myself. Circumstances do alter cases.

THE LAST DAY

THE END OF THE FIRST WAR-TIME HUNTING SEASON



AFTER A MARCH MEET OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S FOXHOUNDS AT HARDEN HOUSE NEAR HAWICK

SO it is over, this first hunting season of the war, in my part of the world at any rate. For many of us its days have been very precious things, as representing the only sedative for worries such as had been frankly undreamt of until now, and as restorers, for the time being, of distorted perspective in an outlook both threatening and nebulous—the least satisfactory outlook men may be cursed with, I fancy.

My last day of this season was not a good one, but it was a long one ; and as, not a little weary both in body and spirit, I rode one of my unsaleable and insatiable horses homewards along the familiar lanes, and led another (I had mounted the Secretary, whipping in, as our Albert is now a trooper), I caught myself wondering how the pen of a Surtees would have tackled the portrayal of the feelings of a Jorrocks who had in his mind, as he took the string out of his hat, even a suspicion of the possibility that he might never hunt again ; that, it might even be, nobody would hunt again. And so wondering, I came quite honestly and definitely to the conclusion that it could not have been done, simply because it would have been (and is) seriously unthinkable ; that speculation upon the unthinkable can never be either timely, profitable or accurate, or, therefore, worth the consideration of good men and true ; and that, in any case, rashness brings hope, as Tacitus so truly said, and timidity dejection. And at once I was much cheered.

So let us turn out the horses, dress over the tackle, clean and put away the boots and the clothes, and hang up the hat, in a spirit of firm intention which alone can bring achievement, that though our hunting may be different—is, indeed, already different—yet it will survive, and our fine hounds and our good horses and our grand country will remain ours, to have and to hold and to enjoy, for as long as we ourselves remain fitted, by sacrifice and suffering and endeavour, as requisite, to keep them. For so it will be.

Looking back on the past season, what fun it has been ! I, for one, cannot bring myself to regret the disappearance of an elaborate ceremonial for which, I confess, I have never had much use in this connection and that has always seemed to me to have been attended in most cases by more mental stress, and the preliminary expenditure of more nervous energy, than is compatible with a day's enjoyment calling, notably, for tranquillity of mind. Quite a lot of people at a well attended peace-time fixture look as if they expected to be heavily shelled at any moment, and are scarcely fit to speak to. Every other horse—or so it seems—wears a "kicking licence"—a formality which appears to absolve its rider from further interest or concern in the matter. Most horses so adorned do not, in fact, kick at all ; while others, behind which one has taken refuge in default of any indication to the contrary, kick heartily. The move to the first draw partakes of the nature of a kind of *sauve qui peut* of over-fresh horses and under-fresh riders ; and one is genuinely thankful to find oneself safe on the right side of the first fence if and when one is lucky enough to get a reasonably good start.

Now all this has changed. There is no crowd. Nearly everyone hacks to the meet, so that there are few if any over-fresh horses. The people who only hunted because they thought they had better, now think they had better not ; and, except financially, this is all right too.

There are just as many and as good foxes as ever, though they take more finding and more killing than they used to, because of open earths. If packs are of necessity smaller, they are given more room. Wire is not really troublesome, save only perhaps when hounds run really fast, which, with a great deal more ploughland about now, they usually do not. Yet they run quite fast enough and far enough upon occasion, for horses, many of which are now perforce kept upon a strictly war-time bill of fare, to have their work cut out to keep with them to the end.

I have had three days this season which, in their respective ways, could not have been bettered and that are, in fact, among the best I have ever known. The first and best took place in November : a six mile point, eleven miles as hounds ran, with a five-minute check after the first three miles. The time was approximately an hour and a half. Not a dozen were up at the end, and I think no one kept hounds in sight for the whole of the time. We killed in a village and hounds were taken home at one o'clock. The entire run was over one of the jolliest lines of country imaginable, with scarcely any wire at all.

The other two days I have particularly in mind were scarcely less good of their kind. One, which took place just after the frost, was almost a steeplechase for six miles after a slow half-hour to begin with. The other is only a fortnight old as I write, and was composed of three separate, good hunts of thirty minutes, twenty minutes (very fast, this), and fifty minutes respectively.

Here, then, were three days which, notable at any time, stand out head and shoulders in a war season which has been a thoroughly enjoyable one. Surely one may not reasonably expect anything much better ? I for one am only sorry that so many good fellows missed it. But they will not grudge it !

I was talking to a hunting farmer the other day about wire after the war, and the views of his fraternity towards hunting, and so forth. He advanced the attractive theory that any wire which was up now would by then have fallen down, and that, since no farmer could possibly afford to replace it, the result might, not impossibly, exceed after all the wildest dreams of the most ardent thruster. And this at little or no expense—in fact, the less the better !

I was not a little intrigued by this novel reflection, and still am ; for my friend spoke only partly in jest. His further observations on "a lot of blue-pencils who have failed to make good in the towns, where they belong, and think then can do better at a job where they can pay less wages to fewer people and shave once a week. Farmers ! " were well worth hearing. I am sorry I cannot give them in detail. They were to the effect that if everybody who worked a farm was a farmer we should all be all right.

BRIDOOON.

THE
A. N. GILBEY
COLLECTION
OF
EARLY ENGLISH
DRAWINGS

By JOLO A. WILLIAMS



EDWARD DAYES

A view of St. Augustine's Gateway, Canterbury. 1787

THE first day's sale of the late Arthur N. Gilbey's collection, that consisting of his fishing pictures and drawings, has already been discussed in COUNTRY LIFE; but something must also be said of the remarkable series of non-angling English water-colours of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which is to be sold at Christie's on April 26th.

It would be easy to dismiss these drawings, fine as they are, as a mere rich man's collection, consisting of one or two "swagger" specimens of each of the best-known water-colourists—and how profoundly disappointing such a collection can be needs no stressing. But Arthur Gilbey's drawings, now to be dispersed in the sale-room, are much more than that, and leave a very strong impression of the collector's personal likes and dislikes upon one's mind. The writer of the "Foreword" to the catalogue tells us that Gilbey, with two exceptions, confined himself to one

or two examples of each artist, of the highest quality and in immaculate condition—but this expresses only part of the truth, for one sees very quickly that he had strong preferences for certain types of drawing. For pure landscape, of the imaginative kind, he seems to have cared little—there is no Gainsborough, Wilson, Alexander or John Robert Cozens, Towne, Crome or Cotman in the collection. He seems to have liked the topographical school rather more, and the sale includes two good views (of Canterbury and Windsor) by Edward Dayes, a very fine Paul Sandby *gouache* of "The Spread Eagle Inn, Millbank" (what a delightful river London's Thames must have been in the eighteenth century), and Samuel Hieronymus Grimm's prospect from "The Terrace at Richmond," which is dated 1772. A comparatively early example of this Swiss-born topographer's work, this must be about the finest drawing he ever made. The groups of figures standing by the railings in the foreground, or leaning against



(Above) SAMUEL HIERONYMUS GRIMM
The terrace at Richmond. 1772

(Right) JOHN DOWNMAN
Portrait of the Duchess of Rutland. 1783





WILLIAM WILLIAMS. MATRIMONY

them, are both lively and graceful, and the view up the river (still one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most famous, views in England) is exquisitely framed in the two dark bluish-green trees that flank the vista.

The two artists on whom Gilbey let himself go, however, and of each of whom he collected many examples, were Francis Wheatley, R.A., and William Hamilton, R.A., and they give one the key to the bulk of this collection. Evidently what the collector loved most were the graceful, pleasantly sentimental, charmingly artificial, subject drawings of children playing, lovers whispering, rural maidens carrying sticks or milk-pails, and so forth, in which these two artists, in their different ways, excelled. Of Wheatley there are here thirty-six examples, and of Hamilton twenty—figures which must, one would guess, be records. The Wheatleys do not include any of the drawings for his celebrated "Cries of London" series, but there is the very beautiful original of his "A Lover's Anger," which was engraved by P. Simon. It shows a young woman and a young man arguing, he seated



FRANCIS WHEATLEY. THE RAT TRAP. 1786

at a desk and she leaning over him, and illustrates Matthew Prior's poem with the same title :

"Lord bless me," said she, "let a body but speak.
Here's an ugly hard rosebud fall'n into my neck.
It has hurt me and vexed me to such a degree—
See here, for you never believe me, pray see,
On the left side of my breast, what a mark it has made."
So saying her bosom she careless displayed,
That seat of delight I with wonder surveyed
And forgot every word I designed to have said.

This is Wheatley in a modish painter-about-town mood, but he is also well represented by a number of his rural damsels, by an amusing kitchen scene of a girl scared at a rat in a trap, and by two very large mountainous landscapes with figures, which are interesting as remarkably successful attempts to use water-colour on the scale of oil-painting without any striving to emulate the oil-painter's effects. In addition, this artist is shown in a less known aspect by two small and neat topographical drawings of country houses in Kent.

The other draughtsman most fully represented in the collection, William Hamilton, will be less familiar, in the original, to most people, though engravings after him are very generally known. The sale contains many of his delightful oval drawings of children playing, which were engraved by Gaugain and others, and of which "Winter Amusement" and "Summer Amusement"—snowballing and bathing respectively—may be mentioned as typical. Evidently this style was a special favourite with the collector, for there are, besides Hamilton's own work, somewhat similar drawings by other artists, such as Lady Diana Beauclerk's "Love in Bondage," Daniel Gardner's engaging "Portrait of Miss Marston When a Young Girl," and Henry Singleton's entertaining pair of small boy and girl subjects, "I Will Be a Soldier" and "I Will Be a Lady."

These things, however, are far from exhausting the riches of the Gilbey drawings, which include also a number of good portraits, above all the large Downman "Duchess of Rutland," which must be as important an example as exists of this portraitist in water-colour. In the Hodgkins collection in 1917 it sold for no less than 1,050 guineas—

THOMAS ROWLANDSON
Interior of the Pavilion at Brighton

though in a later auction the price dropped to 440 guineas, and it will be interesting to see what it now fetches. In other manners there are good drawings by Rowlandson ("Tom Jones and Sophia Western" and "Hertford Market"), Samuel Howitt, and Julius Caesar Ibbetson, to name only a few.

What space remains must, however, be given to the grand puzzle of the collection, the water-colours of "Courtship" and "Marriage"—a young man assisting a young lady over a stile in the one, and allowing her to get over by herself in the other. These the catalogue attributes to the minor artist William Williams, on the strength of the fact that they were engraved by F. Jukes as after Williams. This would seem absolute proof—and yet the drawings themselves have every appearance (save possibly that some of the dogs in them are a trifle unconvincing) of being by Rowlandson. To take one point of comparison only, the foliage of the trees is typical loose Rowlandson foliage, of a

rather early period in his work. Yet when one examines Jukes's engraving the whole character of the foliage, and indeed of the whole composition including the figures, is altered, and does not suggest Rowlandson at all. The same differences are also markedly evident in the faces of the young man and woman as they appear in the drawings and the prints. What thorough research might reveal, one would not like to say; but it is tempting to wonder whether two versions of these drawings may not have existed, one by Williams and the other (that in the Gilbey collection) by Rowlandson. If so, what was the reason for it? Why should Rowlandson have allowed one of his designs to be copied and reproduced as another man's work? Or, conversely, why should so prolific a genius have troubled to copy the drawings of an inferior artist? The whole thing is mysterious—but it is such mysteries which make up part of the fascination of the English water-colour school.

FARMING NOTES

SIR JOHN GILMOUR—TWO MILLION ACRES IS ENOUGH THIS YEAR—FEEDING STUFFS VERSUS FOODSTUFFS—SIR JOHN ORR AND PRICE-FIXING—FEEDING STRAW TO LIVESTOCK

SIR JOHN GILMOUR was not known personally to many English farmers. He held the unenviable post of Minister of Agriculture for too short a time to establish personal relations with the farming community, but he did leave his mark on agricultural history. He sponsored the Wheat Act of 1932 which has proved the salvation of the eastern half of the country and a sound foundation for the maintenance of mixed farming over a far wider area. The Wheat Act has restored the wheat acreage to the level of 1914, while oats and barley have never regained their old place in farming economy. Our struggle to increase the home production of food now would be less hectic and the need less pressing if all three cereals had been covered by a price insurance scheme giving comparable benefits to the Wheat Act. The acreage under the plough would undoubtedly have been another 1,000,000 acres more than the 1939 figure.

* * *

Now we are striving to get 2,000,000 acres added to the crop area for this harvest. By the middle of March the tally for the United Kingdom was 1,370,000 acres, and since then many thousands of acres of grassland have been broken. On the final count taken at the end of this month we shall not be far short of the 2,000,000 mark, if what has gone on in my district is any criterion. Experience has shown that that was a high enough mark to set for the first year. Given all the tractors in the world and every conceivable kind of implement to rip up 4,000,000 acres or 10,000,000 acres, the net gain in food production from the soil, which is what matters, would not have been much greater than it will now be.

Farming is a complex business in which one factor must be balanced against another. A great increase in corn-growing enforced suddenly this year would have upset milk production and the grass sheep industry so seriously that the net increase in production would have been negligible or, indeed, a minus quantity. The land is not a factory in which the pace of production can be doubled in a few weeks by developing a new unit to schedule. The balance has to be readjusted gradually to meet new conditions.

* * *

The new conditions we have to tackle are first and foremost the changes which war has brought in the feeding-stuff supply. We are predominantly a stock country, and in recent years our increasing herds of dairy cows and pigs and our flocks of poultry have depended more and more on imported feeding-stuffs. The 8,000,000 tons of maize, barley and other feeding-stuffs brought from the ends of the earth to feed our stock are not available in anything like full quantities in war-time. The calls on the shipping space available are heavy, and priority goes to human food and war materials. The first consideration, then, of most farmers to-day is to grow more food for their cows and other stock. The big swing-over in food production this season is in that direction.

While our land may not be producing a great increase in food for human consumption, the additional cropping will ensure that we have on hand more of the raw materials required to continue the production of milk and meat which are essential to the nation's well-being. Wheat we can import readily from Canada. Of sugar we grow one-third of our war-time requirements, thanks to the development of our beet industry and the cut in consumption effected by rationing. Margarine we have in plenty, or rather the whale oil which goes to make margarine. Potatoes we can grow in abundance. Normally we produce as much as is needed, and in war-time the acreage can be increased as a stand-by in case wheat supplies should be interrupted later on or we should need to turn more to potatoes for stock-feeding. Vegetables can be grown in plenty to supply all needs. So there is really no cause for apprehension about the nation's food supplies. The position is well safeguarded.

Indeed, so certain are some of our rulers that food supplies are assured, come what may, that there is lukewarm enthusiasm

about the possibilities of securing increased food production at home. Does it really matter whether more potatoes or more sugar beet are grown? To this question the Government return no answer, except that it is all to the good if the farmer will grow more food for man and beast. This year's ploughing programme has no definite objective in food production. Sir John Orr and others think that a clear plan should now be decided and the farmer told in good time just what the nation does want produced in increased quantities.

* * *

I gather from the book "Feeding the People in War-time," which Sir John Orr has written in collaboration with Mr. David Lubbock (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.), that he would leave the individual farmer the choice of what he grows, but that an incentive to increased production of certain crops and livestock products would be given by the bait of tempting fixed prices. This is undoubtedly the surest way of encouraging increased production on the lines required. A high price guaranteed for carrots would no doubt double the normal acreage, and a low price for celery would reduce the acreage. In fact, the method of price incentive is already being used by the Government. The extra 2½d. a gallon for milk over last year's pool prices is clearly a bait to induce dairy farmers to maintain their herds for next winter's output, when all the milk produced will be wanted.

But there are limits to the scope of price-fixing in directing food-production policy. Some parts of the country can properly concentrate on certain products which cannot be produced at all economically in other districts. Through all such discussions we must not lose sight of the land and the maintenance of good husbandry, which is no less important in time of war than in ordinary days. Hard times during the past two decades have driven many farmers to become opportunists in the cropping and management of their land. We heard something of "wheat mining" in the early days of the Wheat Act. Over-emphasis on certain crops in war-time would lead to such dangers. The ideal in the interests of the land is to get back to a balanced system of mixed farming, and that is where this year's ploughing campaign is leading many of us willy-nilly.

* * *

Lord McGowan has disclosed the fact that the research staff of I.C.I. have been working on the conversion of straw into a valuable animal foodstuff by treating it with caustic soda. This is neither an entirely new process nor perhaps one which would find a permanent place in the peace-time economy of agriculture, but it is obviously of the first importance in time of war.

The principle is that the caustic soda, which is applied in a weak solution, breaks down the indigestible cellulose in the straw and thereby releases the digestible elements. It is in fact a pre-digestion process. The product is not only readily eaten by livestock, but has a substantial food value.

A long series of tests have been carried out, and feeding trials have now reached a pitch which indicates that the process is technically accurate. The demonstration plant has been working at Jealott's Hill. The difficulty is how to arrange for practical use to be made of it. There are two alternatives. The first is to design and make available small plants which can be sold to and used by the individual farmer for treating his own straw and chaff. These plants are simple and extremely inexpensive, a small one costing perhaps £25 and a larger one £40. The second is to put down factory plants in co-operation with the big firms interested in the production of animal foodstuffs, sugar-beet factories and oil and cake mills, who would treat the straw centrally and mix it in with the particular fodder they were distributing. Obviously there are merits and demerits to either alternative, but the general impression is that private enterprise has taken the matter as far as it can. It is up to the Government to take action if they wish, and to see that the fruits of research are translated into concrete results of benefit to agriculture in time of war.

CINCINNATI.

CORRESPONDENCE

GRIMSTON PARK AND JOHN CARR OF YORK

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—With reference to Mr. Hussey's interesting account of Grimston Park in your issues of March 9th and 16th, little mention is made of the house which the present mansion replaced. Harry Speight, in his "Lower Wharfedale," published in 1902, writes: "The previous Hall had been built in the latter half of the 18th century by John Carr, the celebrated architect of York, who was also the architect of the large mansions at Farnley and Denton, higher up Wharfedale." Mr. Speight does not give his authority, but adds: "Grimston is omitted in the list of Carr's works cited in the Yorkshire Archaeological Journal, Vol. IV, pages 205-6."

—H. BECKETT.

"AN APPEAL TO BRITISH SKIERS ON BEHALF OF FINLAND"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—With reference to the notice you were kind enough to print on February 3rd regarding the fund being raised by this Club in aid of the Finnish ski troops, it may interest you to know that, thanks to the generous response from the public and members of this Club, a total amount of £1,219 has been subscribed. While the greater part of this amount was remitted before the end of the war, we hope that the balance will be devoted towards the relief of the Finnish ski troops wounded in action and to the dependents of those who lost their lives. We much appreciate the publicity you were kind enough to give us in this matter.—K. C. SMITH, Secretary, *The Ski Club of Great Britain*.

"INDIA'S FIGHTING MEN"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—In an article entitled "India's Fighting Men" published in your magazine on Jan. 27th the author states, on page 86, that "The Mahrattas and Baluchis are not found in the present Army." This curious inaccuracy in an otherwise admirable article is difficult to understand, since the Mahratta Group is one of the oldest bodies of fighting troops in the Indian Army and, far from having ceased to exist, are at present expanding.

The Group consists at present of five active battalions and one training battalion. The earliest of these was raised in 1768 and the latest in 1803. During this period they have maintained an unbroken record of loyalty and good service. In the last war they earned a reputation as fighters second to none, and in recognition of their good service the 5th Battalion was granted the distinction of being named "Royal."

In addition to the Regular infantry battalions, which are composed entirely of Mahrattas, there are two Territorial battalions, and Mahrattas are to be found in various other units and departments, such as the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners and Mechanical Transport companies. The bodyguard of the

Governor of Bombay, which formerly consisted of Sikhs, has recently been changed to one composed entirely of mounted Mahrattas (unless I am mistaken the picture on page 85 depicting an Indian sepoys as bodyguard is a Mahratta). That the author of your article should have been ignorant of these facts is remarkable, that he should have misinformed many of your readers, regrettably. I hope that you will be able to correct the mistake in a subsequent number.—L. O. M. BELLAMY, Major, 4th Batt., 5th Mahratta Light Infantry, Nowshera, N.W.F.P., India.

"WITCHES' BROOMS" AND SILVER BIRCHES

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—It was remarked many years ago that "witches' brooms" were multiplying very rapidly on the silver birch trees in the Lake District. The enclosed snapshot, taken near Sidmouth, shows that the birch mite (*Ercophyes rufus*) responsible for the brooms or knots is very active at the opposite end of England. It would be interesting to know on how many different species of trees these mites work. The birch is certainly the favourite host, but I believe that elm and cherry trees are quite commonly attacked. Last autumn, when I noticed a large "broom" on an acacia (*Robinia pseudacacia*), it occurred to me that I had never before seen this tree so parasitised. It is perhaps worth noting at this season that the earliest green leaves on any afflicted tree usually appear on the knots or brooms. I understand the disease of big bud in black currants is caused by an insect (*Ercophyes ribis*) which is very closely related to *E. rufus*.

I see that one authority, while admitting the responsibility of *E. rufus* for some of the growths on birch trees, affirms that the majority are due to a fungus, *Exoascus betulinus*. Expert comment might be interesting. While the growths may be unsightly on good trees, their appearance on others is unobjectionable and even amusing.—J. W.

[The illustration from our correspondent shows an excellent example of a peculiarity of growth which is not uncommon. These abnormal growths popularly called "witches' brooms" are caused by various agencies, but in the majority of cases the invading organism is generally found to be an insect, such as that mentioned by our correspondent, or a fungus. In most instances the deformities are the result of infection by a fungus, *Exoascus deformans*, which causes the anastomosing of



"WITCHES' BROOMS" NEAR SIDMOUTH

the branches. Towards the base the branches of these witches' brooms are in many cases double the thickness of the branches from which they spring. Towards the apex, on the other hand, they become normal. Fungal infection is probably responsible for more witches' brooms than insect agency, and there are many species of *Exoascus*, some attacking flowers and fruits, others leaves and shoots. In all cases, however, the fungus causes hypertrophy of the part attacked. Very few genera of trees appear to be immune, brooms having been observed on beech, birch, elm, spruce, Scots pine, Weymouth pine, larch, silver fir, robinia, poplar, and various species of prunus, including the common jean. The appearance of the brooms does not enhance but rather disfigures the natural beauty of the tree.—ED.]

THE BLACKBIRD AND HER NEIGHBOURS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Ten days before Easter there was a great commotion going on in the copper beech tree outside our dining-room window. We discovered that a blackbird was building her nest. Every time she brought a twig she was accompanied by starlings and sparrows, who took a great interest in her house-building. When the nest was finished, she flew away for a little time, leaving a sparrow on guard, and this sparrow must have had a very tidy mind, for it flew up to the outside of the nest and picked up an untidy straw and laid it carefully inside! On March 25th Mrs. Blackbird started sitting, and every day she has several small birds, sparrows, tits and starlings hovering by her nest. The tree is quite bare and very uninteresting except for this nest. We are trying our best to protect her from cats, and have put a net half way up the tree, so we are hoping to see the young very shortly.—N. I. GARLAND.

"THE DEE COASTGUARD"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The admirable pictures by Mr. Guy Farrar of bird life on the Dee Estuary, shown recently in your paper, have prompted me to send you a photograph of additional members of this Dee "coastguard," namely, the cormorants. I secured it after many hours of patient watching, so I felt very proud of it, and send it in the hope that you may be able to use it in the pages of your paper, of which I have been a keen reader for many years.—F. B. FORESTER, JUN.



CORMORANTS AT THE ESTUARY OF THE DEE



PEMBROKESHIRE WATERCRESS

KNEE DEEP IN WATERCRESS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—You may like to publish this photograph of some cheerful but moist watercress gatherers somewhere in Pembrokeshire, as a reminder of what should be a very valuable source of greenstuff this spring, if it has not suffered too severely in the great frost.—M. W.

A GAME BETWEEN A CAT AND A SQUIRREL

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—When visiting friends in Argyllshire I was told of and was ultimately much amused to witness a game between a cat and a red squirrel, both of which belong to the establishment. The cat is nearly full-grown and, like many pure white cats, is of a gentle and playful disposition—in fact, a delightfully docile little animal, whose gentle environment has not yet developed the "naked claw within a glove" propensity of its kind. The squirrel regularly visits the bird-table, and is tame to the point of taking food from one's hand.

In coming and going the squirrel uses the same routes. Leaving the wood, he scuttles along a ten-foot screen of wire netting, the remains of a pheasant-rearing enclosure, the rest of which has succumbed to time and the sea air. Leaving the wire, he runs along the top of the fence surrounding the lawn (trust a red squirrel not to descend to earth if he can help it!), thence to a silver birch and down to the bird-table. Like many of us, however, he evidently thinks that the shortest way there is not necessarily the shortest way back, for he returns by an entirely different route till he reaches the pheasant pen, where invariably the kitten is awaiting him.

Then the game begins. Unaware that her snowy coat betrays her, the kitten crouches under the screen, and first the squirrel notes which side she is. He then proceeds along the other side—he has sense enough for that!—and, grunting and muttering as he clings to

GATHERERS

thus for ten minutes to any time of day, though I suppose the cold weather will now have curtailed the wakeful hours of the little woodlander. It is pleasant to witness such alliances between animals so widely different in race and habits, though I believe such things occur far more frequently than our limited observations indicate.—H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

[Cats have been known to adopt and rear young squirrels, and remain most attached to their foster-children, but a friendship between a kitten and a wild squirrel is another matter, and is remarkable because it is not uncommon for cats to attack and kill squirrels. Several instances have come under our notice. We hope that this charming alliance may not end in tragedy.—Ed.]

GARDEN PESTS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I have read various interesting letters in your Correspondence pages concerning garden pests. Birds, mice and rats, once a source of food is discovered, will persistently return to it until it is finished, unless they are destroyed or otherwise dealt with. When setting break-back traps for mice, which dig up peas, etc., from the ground, the end of the wire loop should be slightly arched at the end; in this way little birds which come after the bait will not be killed, as their necks are too thin to be crushed. I have liberated many robins, tits, and even canaries in my aviary, by this method. Rats are so fond of sweet corn that they will collect a colony near where it grows and make their home there. When setting the small gins to catch these, use gloves, and sprinkle fine soil and grass over all, taking care not to choke up the hinges.—W. A. B.

CARVINGS IN A CORNISH CHURCH

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Lostwithiel, the Cornish town with such a strange name, has a most interesting church dedicated in honour of St. Bartholomew the Apostle and Martyr; he was the patron saint of tanners, an industry which flourished here in the far-off days. Inside the church is a font which must rank as one of the finest in Cornwall. It is very curious and rests on five clustered columns, the basin being fashioned from one solid block of buff porphyry, a type of freestone quarried near the sea. There are eight sides which are lavishly carved. My photographs give some idea of the strange carvings, and in one will be seen this grotesque head of an ape over which are entwined two serpents: a really hideous creature. Two strange animals, one above the other, with long, unshapely legs and large heads, make an interesting study. The other photograph shows a hunting scene, in which we see a huntsman on a quaint mount; he is clad in armour and is blowing a huge horn held in one hand, the other hand having a hawk perched upon it. The bird is almost as big as himself. A funny little hound leads the chase. Another curious thing about this huntsman is the fact that he is wearing on his heel a "prick" spur. This is further proof that the font must have



HUNTSMAN AND HAWK

been made about the middle of the thirteenth century, during the reign of Henry III. This type of spur went out of fashion towards the end of his reign, and by the time Edward I (1272) was King it had ceased to be worn.—COUNTRYWOMAN.

A PROBLEM IN BLACK

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The accompanying photograph depicts two black evacuees, actually young wild ravens who claimed the hospitality of a country household, not from fear of Nazi bombs, but to escape destruction by a disgruntled farmer's gun which had deprived them of their parents. The original idea was to eject the visitors when grown up. Here, however, the usual difficulty arose, for, like almost all hand-reared animals, they soon got into trouble when cast upon their own resources. For the time being, therefore, they still occupy a large garden, parts of which they have appropriated to their exclusive use, roosting like domestic fowls in specially constructed quarters, and teaching the dog of the establishment that their big beaks are as serviceable for discouraging inti-



DOMESTICATED YOUNG RAVENS

macy as for annexing bones or rabbit meat.

Although treated most circumspectly, they have never become really tame. While accepting food from the hand, they remain distant and distrustful, liable to strike with dangerous suddenness if advances are attempted. Indeed, even the obtaining of a photograph proved no easy matter, neither bird permitting close approach with a camera. Each remained quiescent until aware of being "pointed at," when it instantly withdrew, as though suspecting a gun.

Although unaccommodating, they are most attractive creatures, interesting in their very perversity. Each is full of quaint idiosyncrasies and individualisms, and watching them at their own ample devices one cannot wonder that the raven figures so conspicuously in folk-lore or mythology.—D. ST. LEGER-GORDON.



THE APE AND THE SERPENTS

LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL

RACING AS USUAL



ROYAL DANIELI LEADS THE GRAND NATIONAL FIELD OVER BECHER'S BROOK, SECOND TIME ROUND. BOGSKAR ON THE LEFT. (Inset) BOGSKAR (right) TAKING THE LAST FENCE WITH MACMOFFAT

THE fact that the Corporation of Lincoln have taken over the races augurs well for a return in the popularity of the fixtures. The Race Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. R. Lever and the guidance of Mr. Malcolm Hancock, is made up of a body of hard-working sportsmen who are intent, directly the opportunity occurs, on making the long-needed improvements to the stands. Besides turning what is now but a theoretically straight mile into a real one they aim generally at bringing the meeting up to date and on a par with, though on a smaller scale than, the one run so successfully by Councillor Wilburn and his colleagues of the Race Committee over the Town Moor at Doncaster. Unfortunately, owing to a variety of circumstances, chief of which was the recent hard winter, which upset all training and the plans of trainers, fields ruled small throughout, with only ten going to the post for the newly introduced £500 Yarborough Plate, which has taken the place of the Bathbyany Handicap, and nine—a number only equalled in smallness in 1875 and 1886—for the Brocklesby Stakes which were first run for in 1874. These two events were the features of the first day's card, and the Yarborough Plate, of five furlongs, provided a rare contest in which only the judge could decide between Ghar Ullin and Swift Arrow, the former getting the verdict by a short head. Not since Vedas scored in the Brocklesby Stakes of 1904, and went on to take the Two Thousand Guineas a year later, has a winner of this first big two year old event earned a bracket in a classic and it is hard to visualise any who took part in the recent contest doing so. Lionetta, who won with little difficulty, is by Son-in-Law's grandson, Coup de Lyon, whose stock ran for the first time last season. She is a lengthy filly who will win again, and comes from the Torlonia mare, Thelma, and cost 140gs. at last year's yearling auction at Ballsbridge. Duckweed, who was beaten by two lengths, with Gordon Richards in the saddle, is one of the first to run of the stock of the French Derby winner Pearlweed, and is out of Call Duck, a daughter of Grand Parade, who belongs to Lieutenant-Colonel Hodgkin.

Interest on the second day at Lincoln centred round the Lincolnshire Handicap, which attracted a field of twenty-one runners. From among them the chances of Aldine, Corena, Rosetown, Reynard's Lodge and The Straight Four could be eliminated as soon as the draw was known and it was seen that they were drawn among the low numbers and so on the inside. Actually Quartier Maitre, who started a firm favourite and won readily by two lengths from Uncle Archie, with Ticca Gari half a length farther in the rear, was drawn with a number—nine—lower than any that has been successful for at least twelve years. This adds considerably to the merit of his victory, which was an extremely popular one, not only because he was favourite but because he belongs to a sporting owner, Mrs. Bendir. He gave

Gordon Richards his first winning ride in the race, and was trained by Mr. Ivo Anthony, the eldest of the brothers, who not only had never entered a horse before at Lincoln, but had never been there. Bred by M. M. de Gaste in France, he is by Tracery's son, Monarch, a half-brother to the Lincolnshire Handicap winner, Royal Bucks, who was bred in England and won the July Stakes, the Middle Park Plate and other races of £10,811, before being exported to France in 1924; his dam, Quatre Saisons, is French-bred and is by the French Derby and Grand Prix de Paris winner, Sardanaple. Uncle Archie, likewise a gelding, is bred on more plebeian lines, his sire being The Tetrarch's son, Ethnarch, who is now in Russia, and his dam Dawning Day, a daughter of Craig an Eran from an own-sister to Spike Island, who is at stud in France. Last to mention is the grey gelding, Ticca Gari, who belongs to the Duchess of Norfolk and is by Dark Legend's son, Dark Japan.

Moving on to Liverpool, the Union Jack Stakes on the Thursday, as usual, afforded an early view of some of the three year olds who will be competing for classic honours; the Molyneux Plate on the same day introduced some nice youngsters. The winners of both events emanated from Mr. Jack Jarvis's Park Lodge stable at Newmarket, Epilobium for Sir John Jarvis winning the Stakes fairly comfortably from Bashir and Lion Tamer, and Mercy for Lord Rosebery taking the Plate from Costello and Steadfast, who dead-heated for second place. Epilobium, who won three races last season, holds engagements in the New Two Thousand Guineas and the New Derby but not in the original St. Leger, which still stands. Bred in France by Mrs. Clement Hobson, he is by the Stewards' Cup winner Epinard, from Rhona. Of the youngsters in the Plate, Mercy is a home-bred filly of quality, by Fairway's son Fair Trial from Pip Emma, a daughter of Solaro who was bred by the late Sir John Rutherford and sold by him as a foal to Lord Rosebery for 700gs. Mercy is her dam's second foal and, though not the least fancied at Liverpool—her starting-price was 20 to 1—has the makings of a first-class, if not quite a classic, filly.

The history of the races for the Grand National Steeplechase is full of romantic stories. Winners of the great Aintree event have been one-eyed; they have drawn 'buses; they have been tubed; they have been nearly drowned at sea; and they have done all sorts of other things that no ordinary member of the equine race could be expected to do. Last week's race had its incidents. Royal Danieli, despite the fact that he fell last year, started favourite, but, after wrenching the muscles of his shoulder at Valentine's Brook during the second circuit, fell two fences from home. Kilstar, who had been backed for pounds, shillings and pence by his supporters, revealed himself, as many other "National" aspirants have done, to be lacking in the necessary stamina required for Aintree. The winner, Bogskar, whose time for the journey was very little over the record made by Golden Miller, was making his first appearance in the race. His owner, Lord Stalbridge, who bought him from Mr. Sydney McGregor of Leamington as a two year old, is the first Steward of the National Hunt Committee ever to own and train a winner. Apart

from the stakes, his sole financial interest in the race was the huge sum of sixpence. A really sporting story, but there is more to come. This concerns Bogskar's jockey, Mervyn Jones. A nephew of the brothers Ivor, Jack and Owen Anthony, who between them have trained or ridden the winners of six Grand Nationals, and on this occasion were represented by three runners, only one of whom completed the course, Mervyn Jones, who is a sergeant in the Air Force, got his ride—his first over the course—entirely by chance, owing to the fact that Foley, who had been engaged, was still suffering from the after-effects of an accident he met with at Cheltenham. Actually, Bogskar and his jockey were not the first to pass the winning-post, as that "honour" fell to National Night, the mount of Mervyn's brother Howell, who had fallen early in the race but carried on to complete the course without a rider. Incidentally, National Night was trained by Mr. Jack Anthony and, like the winner, is a son of Werwolf,

he by the St. Leger winner, Hurry On, from a half-sister to the One Thousand Guineas winner, Cinna. MacMoffat, as was the case last year, finished second and, as then, was not blessed with the best of good fortune, as he was interfered with several times by the riderless National Night. To complete the first three—all of whom were privately trained—came Gold Arrow, half a length in front of the mare Symaethis, who in turn was ten lengths in front of Venturesome Knight. Altogether, seventeen of the thirty starters completed the course, rather suggesting that for this memorable Grand National the fences were not as stiffly built as they usually are.

The final day on Saturday, as usual, featured the Cup, which resulted in a fairly comfortable win for last year's winner, Black Speck, a seven year old gelding by Black Watch, who defied his weight of 9st. 7lb. and credited Mr. J. V. Rank with his third win at the meeting.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD"

WATERSTON MANOR, near Dorchester, with 30 acres, or as much as 330 acres, is for sale by Messrs. Curtis and Henson. Mr. P. Morley Horder restored the house, and on February 12th, 1916, an account of the restoration was published in COUNTRY LIFE. Waterston was the subject of an engraving in Nash's "Ancient Mansions," and it bears the date 1586 on the garden front. For many years it was a rather neglected farmhouse; but the beauty of the exterior and the excellence of the structural work kept the house sufficiently appreciated to ensure its preservation, and Mr. Morley Horder's work gave it a new lease of life. Under the name of Weatherbury, Waterston Manor figures in Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" as the home of Bathsheba Everdene.

A CANTERBURY BARGAIN

NORMAN SHAW obliged his fellow Royal Academician, Sidney Cooper, the cattle painter, by designing a house for him on the outskirts of Canterbury. It is known as Alcroft Grange, and is not to be confused with the house in which Cooper himself lived, on the not far distant hill at Harbledown. Alcroft Grange was built for a member of the Academician's family, and it is on the St. Stephen's side of the city, overlooking the cathedral. With 10 acres, Alcroft Grange can now be bought for a very low sum, as the Public Trustee and Miss Irene M. Oldham, executors of Captain C. F. Oldham, R.N., wish to wind up the estate at once. The house has a gabled upper storey in half-timbering, and all the rooms are spacious and lofty. There are modern outbuildings, and a cottage, and the grounds include nearly 2 acres of apple and cherry orchard. Mr. Burrows, whose firm (Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons) are the agents, tells an amusing story of the time of the purchase of the site by Sidney Cooper. The lawyer was reading over the draft conveyance—"10 acres or thereabouts"—when the painter testily interrupted: "No 'thereabouts': I want to know exactly how much land. It won't do for me." The offending and vaguely safeguarding commonplace of every draft was omitted.

Lady Vaughan-Lee desires to let Guiliards Oak, Midhurst, a property of about 10 acres, on the Midhurst-Petersfield road, unfurnished, for three years. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are the agents.

PAYMENT FOR REQUISITION

AS Basildon Park, mentioned a week or two ago, has been taken over for Government use, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., the agents for the owner, Mr. Ferdinando, are preparing a "schedule of condition" of the property, and also settling the terms of the tenancy. The importance of such schedules, and of strict compliance with the prescribed time-limits, is emphasised by all the agents who have mentioned to us their activities in connection with the Compensation (Defence) Act, 1939. There seems to be considerable doubt as to

the scope of claims for compensation, but it does seem that, where staff has been got rid of owing to the requisitioning of premises, a claim for wages in lieu of notice will be met. Insurance against fire risks to requisitioned premises and goods, and presumably also to goods that have been removed to afford room to officials, is a point of much discussion, being by no means clear. Mr. Douglas Overall (Messrs. Hillier, Parker, May and Rowden) opened a discussion on the Act at the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute a few days ago, and he concluded by an expression of the hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may see his way to give more adequate protection to owners of requisitioned property.

COMPETITION FOR A FARM

OWING to his joining the Army, Mr. T. R. Macgregor has had to leave his Wiltshire farm, which, with the aid of one of the best judges of farms in this country, he bought only a year ago. He is, apparently, more fortunate in one respect than many of those who have quitted their houses or farms or businesses to serve their country, in that, according to the agents, they have "many applications from good farmers with first-rate references to take the farm at a rent of not less than £225 a year." It is Park Farm, Foxham, near Chippenham, 94 acres, with a small comfortable house and large garden, and good buildings. Messrs. Bidwell and Sons and Messrs. Tilley and Culverwell will hold the auction at Chippenham on April 26th. There is an ample supply of water for farm use. As an investment the freehold, which is free

of land tax and subject to a tithe of only a few pence annually, has special merit.

The Dell, 10 or 11 acres, at Ringwood, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Ryder, Blake and Peate.

Sales by Mrs. N. C. Tufnell's agency include Roundwood, 10 acres, between Swinley golf course and Sunningdale; and Lavender Cottage and 2 acres, a Bracknell freehold.

The 92 acres of Enfield golf course will be leased to the club for fifty years at £400 a year by the Middlesex County Council, which has bought the land for £32,500. A first payment of about 10 per cent. will be made at once, and the balance is payable "in 1946, or three years after the conclusion of the war, whichever is the earlier."

The Conquerors, a house at Herstmonceux designed by Messrs. Alderton and Proctor, is offered for sale or to be let with six acres, by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff.

LANDLORD AND TENANT IN 1798

MRS. ALFRED J. BURROWS (Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons) sends us a copy of a notice which, in preparing for another important sale, he has lately found among the archives of a Kentish estate a few miles from Maidstone. He remarks that, in the midst of the present campaign for increasing the arable acreage, the document is of peculiar interest, apart from other aspects of it, because of the light it sheds on the drastic methods of estate management: "Sutton Hall, Feby. 17th, 1798, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their Trustees have observed, that the greater Number of their Tenants have exceeded the Proportion of Land which they were allowed to break up, under the Articles by which they held their Farms during the former Trust. And that altho' the present Trust has continued above four Years, and that the Tenants must have known by their New Agreements with the Trustees, that they were bound under a Penalty to reduce the Quantity of Ploughed Land, many of them have continued to break up fresh Land to the great Prejudice of the Trust Estates.

"It is not the Wish of Mr and Mrs Clarke or their Trustees to avail themselves of the Opportunity given them of suing the Tenants for the Penalties incurred previous to their entering into Possession of the Estates; but as it is their duty to put an effectual Stop to a Practice, which is in the end ruinous to the Tenant as well as the Estate, they think it proper to give this Notice, that they intend to sue every Tenant who has broken up fresh Land this present Year without Permission, and whose Proportion of ploughed Land had already exceeded one third, or who had not previously laid down some Land.

"And they expect that such Tenants as wish to continue on the Estates, will seriously set themselves to reduce the Quantity of ploughed Land within the Proportion allowed by their Articles which will in the end contribute to their own Prosperity, and which the Trustees are sorry to observe is absolutely necessary to be enforced, if they wish to discharge their own Duty, or to prevent the Property from being ruined."

ARBITER.



WATERSTON MANOR, DORSET

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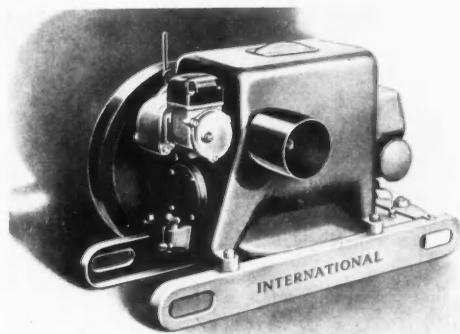
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THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING

SOME ATTRACTIVE COLOUR ASSOCIATIONS IN THE GARDEN SCENE

THE inspiring effect on vegetation of the last week or two of sunshine and higher temperatures has been too clear to escape the notice of even the most casual observer. Within a month the garden scene has been almost completely transformed, and we are now enjoying all the varied delights of the spring pageant that are all the more welcome this year because they are so long overdue. There is nothing furtive about the display. Already the forsythias, which have been a magnificent sight, are beginning to exchange their cloak of yellow for their more permanent mantle of green, and the ground beneath the old Mezereon is strewn with the squandered purple blossoms. The flowers of the witch-hazels, which stood the harsh conditions of January and February without flinching, are now a fragrant memory; and those two lovely viburnums, *V. fragrans* and *V. grandiflorum*, and their close cousin called *V. fœtens*, which has proved itself this year and promises to be a most valuable acquisition to the race and to the list of early-flowering shrubs, are others that have taken their departure. The crocus, after providing such a glorious carpet of colour, the snowdrops, aconites, and the scillas, among which there is none more lovely than the one called Spring Beauty, have all left the stage and their place is already filled with the wild tulips, that have lost none of their accustomed beauty by their later appearance, and the vanguard of the daffodils that are rapidly approaching their heyday. Several of the early rhododendrons have come and gone, their beauty spoiled to some extent by the sharp night frosts that interrupted their reign, but there are others following hard on their heels. Like the camellias, those delightful cousins of the witch-hazels, the corylopsis, are now in their full tide of loveliness, and the same beneficent influence that has been at work on them has inspired the pieris to cloak themselves in a cascade of blossom, and Carl's viburnum and its close cousin *V. bitchinense*, which is even finer, to deck themselves in their scented clusters.

A week or two ago the almonds were in their full glory, their naked branches thickly encrusted with pink blossom, and as their companions they had the blackthorn, its sombre twigs wreathed with white, and the purple plum (*Prunus Pissartii*), with its white blossoms appearing through a mist of bronze, as well as some of its relations, like the lovely peach named Clara Meyer, the double pink Blireiana, and the incomparable David's Peach. The crab apples, unaffected by the most rigorous of winters, such as *Malus floribunda*, *atrosanguinea* and *purpurea*, are on the point of decking themselves in their mantle of pinkish and crimson blossoms, and the same can be said of the earlier cherries, like the Yoshino (*P. yedoensis*), and the quinces, already showing a furtive blossom or two where they enjoy some shelter.

It is in these days, when the earth is alive with budding life, and picturesque incidents succeed one another with a speed that



THE BEAUTY OF CONTRAST IN MID-APRIL AT EXBURY
Viburnum bitchinense and *Narcissi*

is almost bewildering, that the importance of striving to create attractive garden pictures is emphasised. Some people seem to have a gift for making garden pictures that is denied to others. It is probably due not so much to a natural artistic taste, though that undoubtedly helps enormously, as to the result of careful observation translated into practice, and that is not beyond the capacity of anyone with a trained and sympathetic eye. A sense of what is congruous, a feeling for what is appropriate to the surroundings, and the exercise of restraint in the use of too great a variety of plants, form the basis of most successful gardening, and it is upon good plant grouping, with its harmonies and contrasts in the colour, form and texture of plant material, that the gardener who is also a picture-maker relies on most to produce his best effects.

The spring is rich in attractive plant associations. In the March sunshine a colony of the dainty violet-scented *Iris reticulata* mingling with a drift of golden yellow crocus is perfectly enchanting, only approached in loveliness by a combination of purple crocuses and the lemon-tinted *Saxifraga apiculata*. A union of the lovely lavender *Rhododendron præcox* and *Erica carnea* King George can hardly fail to attract the eye in March, and if the rhododendron is replaced by *Daphne Mezereum* the effect will be hardly less striking. Though the sight was not vouchsafed to us this year, in three seasons out of five the picture of the January garden is that composed of the rich purple *R. mucronulatum* and the golden yellow *Hamamelis mollis*. A carpet of the miniature blue squills beneath an almond in its full panoply of pinkish blossom is surely one of the loveliest of early spring pictures, only equalled a little later on by an association of *Magnolia stellata* or a pink Japanese cherry and Heavenly Blue grape hyacinths, or the Japanese crab (*M. floribunda*) surrounded by a sea of Royal Blue forget-me-nots. The same blue forget-me-nots will afford an arresting incident combined with the rich orange Azalea *coccinea speciosa*, while for those who prefer something a little less flamboyant, the azalea can be replaced by one of the yellow brooms like Cornish Cream. There is almost no end to the making of colour pictures, and, although the season is getting short, there is still time to attempt a few for the current year and prepare for next season's enjoyment.

The period for moving deciduous trees and shrubs has passed, but there is still time for the planting of evergreens like rhododendrons, brooms and all other shrubs supplied by nurserymen in pots, as well as for the setting of gladioli and other late-flowering bulbs, like the montbretias and *Hyacinthus candidans*, and wise gardeners will make the most of the opportunities presented by the weather and the excellent state of the ground and accomplish what planting they can in an endeavour to create attractive incidents that will do much to extinguish the memory of a grim winter and its trail of casualties.

G. C. TAYLOR.



AN EARLY SPRING BEAUTY, THE SHRUBBY MAGNOLIA STELLATA



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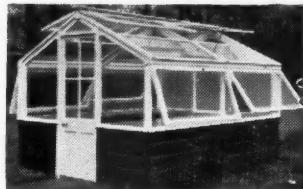
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By ISABEL CRAMPTON

THE proverbial uncertainty of April weather acts in two ways so far as one's wardrobe is concerned. As any day, or even hour, may see us enduring April showers, and very chilly April showers can be, it is unwise to change into very light-weight clothes too early, and yet bright April sunshine, showing up all the tiredness of winter-worn garments, makes the purchase of something new well nigh imperative. In the circumstances the lighter type of tailored clothes are the best possible investment; a coat and skirt for warmer days and a tweed overcoat which can be worn over them if the weather should become squally and will also be serviceable for cold days and travelling all the summer, representing an ideal choice.

The photographs reproduced on this page show excellent examples of these two types of garment, and are both chosen from the immense stock, always being added to as new designs and materials are evolved, which is to be found at Messrs. Burberry's, Haymarket, W.1. The swagger coat worn by the figure in the top illustration is in herringbone Cumberland tweed in a very pleasant light shade, and is taken quite out of the category of "just a tweed coat" by the clever design with its deep open lapped panels back and front and the four decorative patch pockets.



IN wine-coloured Saxony tweed, this coat and skirt with its high neck and Peter Pan collar would be useful on many occasions. (Burberry.)



A SERVICEABLE coat in a light Cumberland tweed with four decorative patch pockets. (Burberry.)

The coat and skirt I thought particularly attractive when I saw it at the Haymarket showrooms. It is made in a Saxony tweed in wine colour, but that hardly conveys how pleasantly textured the material is or how uncommon, bright and yet mellow, is the dye. The coat rather of the tunic persuasion, fastens to the neck, where it is finished with a neat little Peter Pan collar, a detail which many women who do not admire the collarless coat will definitely approve. Below: pockets are another smart point in the design, and the skirt is given fullness by two knife pleats at the front. For smartness and practicality this coat and skirt would be very difficult to improve upon. I would not look too sophisticated in the country, or too utterly country for town, and would find in the overcoat in the other photograph a excellent travelling and cold-weather companion.

* * *

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